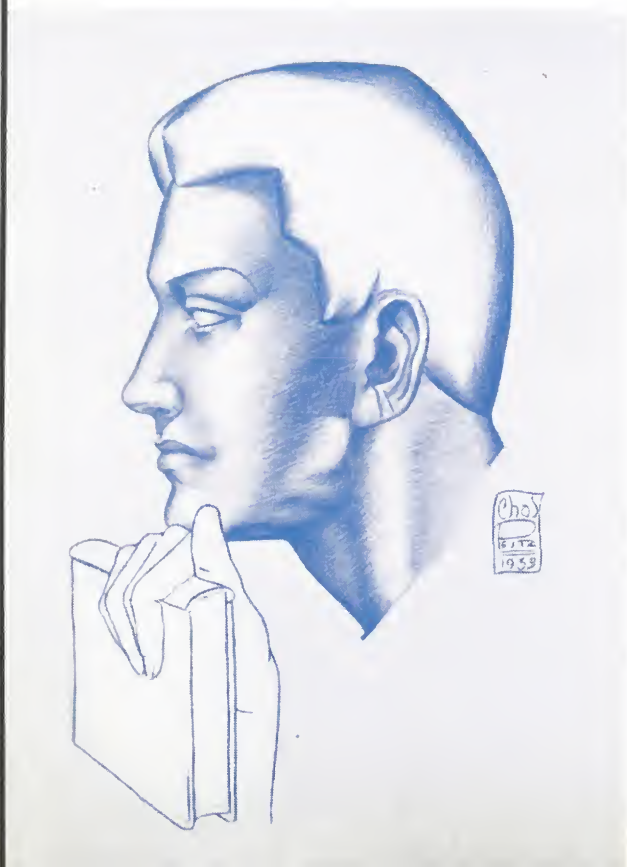


MEASURE



SPRING
1940

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“SCULPTOR FOR GOD”

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Basis For Catholic Action

ROBERT LECHNER

Mr. Lechner found his theme inescapable. Once the challenge of Catholic Action is flung to the world, you cannot avoid the inevitable "Why?" So, here on the most solid foundation, reason, with the most thrilling inspiration, Faith, the author builds the understructure of the one most needed and most cried-for thing: Catholic Action.

Within the past decade has there been anything more constantly on the lips and in the minds of Catholics than the term Catholic Action? We hear it from the pulpit, in the classroom, it stares at us from the pages of every Catholic magazine and newspaper and even the radio and stage have made their contributions. We have literally shouted it from the housetops day in and day out. Disregarding for the moment any intrinsic value Catholic Action may have, surely such a campaign must necessarily reap results from the very fact of its volume and the force of quantity. To say that all our efforts have been in vain or produced no results one must be a fool; it is only too evident that something has stirred the soldiers of Christ and that there is new activity among them. But before we settle ourselves snugly in our armchairs in the belief that the millennium has arrived perhaps it would be well to prudently question if Saint Paul's words might not apply to us: "Your glorying is not good."

Since Charles Pierce and William James fashioned a philosophy to suit the needs of a nation nurtured by materialism we have been obsessed with the practicality of things. We cannot deny the potency and influence of the practices of a majority over a minority. Despite our personal convictions and beliefs concerning truth and values it does not at all seem strange to reason that the worth of a thing is in proportion to its usefulness. While we may be firm in asserting that the end does not justify the means we are not overly concerned with the motives that prompt action; if the end accomplished is morally good and beneficial then surely there should be no question of motive! It is true that the consequences of a thing test its claim but we must be ever alert that fruits and results are measured not only by quantity, in the cold calculating figures of the accountant, but also in terms of quality. Because of the very nature of fallen man difficulties and hinderances must accompany his advancements; even in movements with the most praiseworthy and religious motives prompting them we must recognize this element as long as man is involved. To presume that in propounding Catholic Action we can escape this stigma would be arrogance and to remove

any illusions we might have we need only to look beneath the surface of things. However, before beginning our investigation we must bear in mind that the adversities and evils found are not the results of maliciousness and rebellion but rather exist because of ignorance, shortsightedness, absence of realization, and even the external influences of the society in which we live. Of prudence there is no lack, and because of this very reason the problems have been allowed to grow for they are difficult to solve without destroying much of the good will that has been already obtained.

The field of Catholic Action is as universal as the Church itself and to attempt a complete survey of the entire movement in one article would be preposterous; let us examine those particular phases which effect us as Catholic students. Despite the highly efficient and praiseworthy student organizations in our Catholic colleges we must recognize the deplorable loss of interest in even our leaders after graduation. The spirit of the "revival" has long enough been in our colleges that its force should have been carried into parish groups through the graduates. And, yet, we must admit that parochial groups very seldom do more than sponsor Catholic activities; are not those activities which spring from real zeal and understanding of Catholic Action conspicuous by their absence? Can we be satisfied with a parish ball team, a dance or card party, to which we tack the name Catholic Action? Can we be satisfied with a method of organization that once the members have left its influence they feel that attending Mass on Sunday and visiting the parish gymnasium once a week is living the fuller Catholic life and that they are active members of the priesthood of the laity? Can we be satisfied with organization and teaching whose effects cease as soon as the stimulation has been withdrawn?

Let us look into the very center of our student organizations and training and try to find why we can create such an enormous synthetic flare of enthusiasm which begins to fade and disappear on graduation day. It is apparent that if such reactions occur we have succeeded in strengthening only the emotional bond to Catholic faith and worship and perhaps instilling a sense of moral obligation to hold fast to the faith. But we have failed to reach and influence the intellect. We have failed to bring about that inner illumination by which we come to a knowledge of the interior savor and substance of doctrines externally taught and explained. Once our intellect has been awakened and caught a glimpse of the startling reality and beauty of Catholic thought and philosophy we can no longer assume a passive attitude. We are pierced with a yearning for Divine truth which springs from the very center of our being and permeates our every action; it becomes an active, conscious effort to bar everything that hinders our pursuit of Divine wisdom. One may know the apologetics manual by heart and still be pitifully

ignorant of his religion for its purpose is only to set down what Catholic doctrines are. We are too often equipped to cope with objections to the faith rather than with a knowledge and understanding of it that will help us fulfill in a positive way our part in the Mystical Body. Never from the memorization of doctrines will we come to an understanding of their inner significance and what they mean in terms of human life and thought. We cannot be satisfied with merely knowing what the teachings of the Church are. We must come to an intelligent understanding of their relation and significance to the Catholic religion as an organic whole; we must be aware of their relation to contemporary ideas and problems and what bearing they possess on our experience and knowledge in other fields. While in grammar school we could well enough lay our religion aside after religion class for there is no particular Catholic way to write or read or learn the fundamentals of arithmetic. But we are finished with fundamentals both in secular studies and in religion. If we replace the memorizing of dates in History class with an intellectual comprehension of movements and forces is it any more unreasonable that we should replace our penny catechism with an intellectual, living vision of Catholic truth as an organic whole? How, without a powerful intellectual conviction of our faith, can we withstand the assault of an anti-christian assumption and intellectual outlook which form the background of all modern works in science, literature and other fields of knowledge? A knowledge of the emotional and external factors of our faith which assure us that we have the correct Catholic attitude is no longer sufficient unless accompanied by a broad and deep comprehension of that attitude. A training in philosophy through which we can come to a knowledge of the organic and interior life of our religion is fast becoming a matter of life and death. Externalities are the body of religion and the inner life is the soul; without the soul the body becomes a corpse. Not in action alone but in thought and action are Catholics to be united pleads Pius XI. In the liturgy of the Church, particularly in the Psalms, there is a recurrent prayer for intellect and understanding . . . "Give me understanding and I will search Thy law; and I will keep it with my whole heart. Make me to understand the way of Thy justifications; and I shall be exercised in Thy wondrous works."

It is plain that any education which will develop the intellect along the lines outlined above will include a wide and deep knowledge of our faith. It is this wide and deep knowledge of faith which we must cultivate and encourage today if we are to successfully meet the modern revolt, not only against God, but against reason itself. Where outside of our seminaries is the Liturgy taught as a system of thought or worship? If our training included a sufficient knowledge of Theology to understand the significance of the fact that man has fallen from super-

natural union with God how differently would we view the history of mankind and human conduct and our own frustrations and disappointments. How much fuller would be our realization of the hideousness of sin when in view of the doctrine of the Mystical Body we see it not only as a personal transgression of the law of God but as an injustice to the Communion of Saints and the entire Church; when we realize that the evil deeds of one member affects the whole organism and thus understand the Church's right to demand a virtuous life from all her individual members. With a deep and profound knowledge of Scholastic philosophy would we have to continue arguing externalities with the communists (some of which they practice more in accordance with Catholic teaching than we do) once we know in what manner their philosophy embraces a false metaphysics and how their fundamental doctrine on the nature of man and society is in error? How simplified would become the distracting complex of devotions, doctrines and objects of worship which seem to compete for our devotion once we can view them as parts of the organic whole and understand them as aspects of God, the Whole, Who is so rich in reality that our intellect cannot grasp His attributes in one concept but must separate them under different aspects. How many Catholic college students are acquainted with the profound spiritual depths explored by the mystics such as Saint John of the Cross or Saint Teresa? Can we consider this knowledge superfluous when secularism is developing a material mysticism of its own? With only a meagre knowledge of Catholic aesthetics how quickly would we realize the many ludicrous notions of religious subjects we receive from bad religious art. Any religious idea must necessarily contain an element of mystery which causes the imagination to play a large part in the forming of religious concepts. If from childhood we have been surrounded by feeble and sentimental statues of the saints and even Christ Himself only a rigorous training of the intellect can make us see that subconsciously we feel that the things they stand for are weak and sentimental. Not only our art but our devotional literature has been predominately sentimental in the past. But once we become aware of the wholeness of our faith we will scorn the sentimental veil that was used to cover our inner emptiness.

Such a plan is not an impossibility or an unattainable ideal. We bemoan the fact that the days of explorations and opportunities are past, the last frontier is gone, the hope for achievements is vanishing. In the kingdom of man, it is true, there are no more lands to conquer, few heathens to civilize. But in the Kingdom of God we shall forever find opportunities for high adventure, achievements and a Real Leader to follow. Our struggles must be in the realm of the spirit but what is more thrilling than a conflict of wills and a battle of wits? What reward of victory is more alluring than heaven or hell for all eternity?

To prove the contention that all this is not theory let us cite a few examples of those who are already traveling this high road of adventure. Without a profound and sensitive understanding of all the implications of the Mystical Body could the founders of the Houses of Hospitality find courage to make the necessary sacrifices to carry on this work? The Catholic students of Cambridge University in England, at their own personal expense, are publishing their Catholic review, *Integration*, which might well serve as an ideal for college publications. The depth and clarity with which this publication expounds Catholic teaching is proof of the personal holiness and individual efforts exercised by every contributor. What heroic faith and courage was necessary for the Blackfriars and their associates to suffer sacrifices, hard work and even actual hunger to carry out their idea of a Repertory Theatre last summer. These are but a few examples but the possibilities for similar undertakings are numberless for those who have the courage to be heroic and daring for Christ. What journalist students in our colleges study with the specific purpose of entering the Catholic field of journalism? Why did six secular universities recently seek Catholic laymen to teach Scholastic philosophy in vain? Must we not blush in shame when we are asked for the truth we hold so dear and are not prepared to offer it?

Our need is not satisfied by an increase in quantity only, but by an increase in quality and spiritual insight. Our primary attempt should be to attain a fuller realization of the heritage that is ours and a sense of the value we must attach to the truth we possess. And with this will come that central vision of truth accompanied by a comprehensive Catholic view of the world which will make flow again the spring of life, the waters of regeneration, to become "the flood of the river making glad the city of God."

Music at Tabard Inn

ARTHUR LOEW

So far a cry as this—from swing to Chaucer—seems unbelievable, but here it is done. If you sway to a modern rhythm, if the day's tune haunts you, you will be sympathetic to the sounds of joyful song and dancing of this other day. The leap is good for the imagination.

Slap that base! A resolving chord and the modern swing session is under way, treating a floor full of fans to an evening of dancing, soft and loud, fast and slow, the music flies, pushing the dancers around to let itself through. It seems to be an ever impelling force among the people of today especially this younger generation. Radios bring it to you, and "Nickelodeons" swing it for you.

There is no denying the fact that the mind of practically every young person today has some corner in which he hides the melodies of last night's dance orchestra, and why is this so? It can be attributed to a few phases of the orchestra, the constant rhythm, the snaky way of playing the scale, the effect of mutes, and the chord transition.

The chord transition of today is something rather modern and new in harmony. Changing a piece from one key to another is no longer the laborious work and succession of heavy chords used by the classicists of music, but are light, fast, and fantastical. A quick change is made by using the seventh or fifth as lead and the orchestra is in another key, purring as smoothly as a kitten, making you forgetful of everything except your immediate surroundings.

The clarinet wails out its solo, the succession of notes brought out but one note so closely allied with the next that they are hardly able to be distinguished from one another. Notes in the modern orchestra are not cut sharply but are hitched together as one string. The trumpeter slides from one into the other, the clarinetist's fingers creep up and down the key row and tonguing seems to be almost forgotten. To this combination add some mutes to keep the sound far or give it a wailing effect, add the base and the modern orchestra is built.

But as I have followed the sound effects and manipulations of the orchestra one thought has repeatedly returned, about dancers of the past and their orchestras. We know that before swing we had jazz and before that, yes, for hundreds of years before that, there was music that captured the fancy of young people as it does today, but what was it before they had orchestras? To uncover the cause of that fancy we

must peruse the dust covered tomes of the seeming ancients and build up for ourselves the status of young folk and their reactions, let us say, to take one specific period, of Chaucer's time.

During this era the music which we have record of is mostly of the peasant folk leading the simple shepherd's or farmer's life. Today it is the orchestra, rhythm and swing, taken from the cinema and some of the new Broadway plays. Although a direct contrast to the music of yester-year it is in some ways parallel and similar. To them an orchestra was unknown, yet they had dance music of their own particular kind, the music of rustics spoken of above, some of which most every one played, on at least one of the instruments of that time, or sang to a great extent. The evidence that this was the condition is brought out very forcefully by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," as he says in regard to the Manciple:

"Both harpe and lute and giterne and sautrye," or as he said of the Squire:

"Singing and fluting was he all the day."

Knowing that they had music, and used it very much we now go to the young folk and their enjoyment derived from it, dancing and the setting it furnished for romance. What did this music mean to them? We of today know how the mind and imagination react to music, the moods it creates around us, and the pure joy we get from hearing it. From this reaction we can see a little of what it meant to those young people. Then as today music starred in most of the love scenes to help create a mood or give expression to a reaction as in the Miller's Tale:

"He kist his sweete, and taketh his sautrye

And playeth fast and maketh melodie."

Nor was this the only instrument used. In perusing the "Canterbury Tales," Chaucer brings in a large number of instruments, most of which were to be played by themselves, although we often find a group playing together, as the Pardoner tells:

"Wher-as with harpes, lutes, and giternes

They danced and played as does both night and day."

They danced! Dancing then was as great a pastime as it is today, especially among young folks. Crowds would congregate at somebody's home or in some tavern, and feet would deftly move to the sweet tones of the instruments. If the pipe played it was generally some fast moving reel or jig, the dancers losing themselves in the maze of silvery notes. All was then laughter and happiness. Morose and morbid thoughts from the Stygian Shades were banished into exile while the nymphs of joy reigned supreme. Or would it be the bagpipe with its shrill top notes, accompanied by the long nasal twang of the base pipe that sent their feet in a more stately shuffle, although bright, and piercing as sunbeams

through dark clouds, bring out the frolicsome nature of youth. At other times would come the sweet tones of the harp, ringing clear and full long after they had been plucked, rousing up in their breasts a desire for the more sedate dances, the waltz or two step. They also brought with them the quiet happy moments lost in reverie, insensible to present time and surroundings. To this accompaniment they often sang their songs, in chorus or alone.

The harp, however, was not the only means of accompaniment, for we know that they had the organ at that time and used it for the same purpose. Other instruments used for this purpose were the citole, gittern, psaltery, rote, and lute. Each of these had a specific place, so it seems, in the field of music, cut out to best suit the tastes of that time.

The lute much like our modern mandolin, was used for the music of lovers, both to accompany their songs and to play without singing. The other instruments with the exception of the rote took their place in chording for dance music as their tone was louder and more resonant. The rote was the only stringed instrument on which could be played both accompaniment and melody. It was used to entertain groups where singing and dancing was not going on. They were much used throughout Europe especially by the bards bringing home new melodies from a foreign land, or were carried by travelers when going some distance, to furnish them with the fuller pleasure than one instrument could give. They then sang to it as Chaucer narrates of the Friar:

"And in truth he had a merry note,

For he could sing and play upon the rote."

Thus was the musical life of the people, young and old, of Chaucer's day, rollicking, gay, or slow and passionate, according to the type of music and instrument played. Their imagination reacted in much the same way as does ours today although it reacted to different types of sound. Assembly playing from sheet music was unknown. It was song and its spontaneous and bright accompaniment which still lingered from traveling minstrels who told of love in the days of chivalrous knight-hood, that captured the fancy of that generation as handed down to us by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales."

Exploring Antarctica

STEPHEN D. THEODOSIS

The author of this paper holds a knowing hand to the pulse of interests. He saw the attractiveness of his theme and wrote of it in advance of a great metropolitan newspaper. Here, faraway things come close, strangeness becomes familiar. Even prophecy has a way of disclosing the possibilities of the future.

Ever since Captain Cook deduced the existence of a South Polar land mass from the icebergs and ocean currents of his farthest south voyage, 1772-5, the Antarctic Continent has remained the world's greatest geographical mystery.

Two men have struggled afoot through vicious snows and winds, through the passes of mountain ranges high as parts of the Rockies, to reach the South Pole: one, the great, rugged Amundsen, came back to tell the tale; the other, the immortal Scott, and his companions, perished in a "stabbing, blinding blizzard."

A few explorers have approached some coastal points but none have contributed as much as the fearless, ardent and amiable retired admiral of the United States Navy, Richard E. Byrd, who has made two successful trips to the pole and is now executing a third.

The expanse of territory of this continent is comparable to that of the United States and Mexico. Imagine these countries sheathed by the world's mightiest ice cap, its thickness unknown; its enormous peninsulas protruding far into the adjacent oceans, so that the meeting of underlying land and sea levels is obscured. Imagine the tremendous rim of this area partly belted by high ridges of impenetrable ice. Such, in its most characteristic features, is the aspect of this unique continent at the bottom of the world.

Why should men, such as Admiral Byrd, with intelligence, money and position, literally waste their time, money and energy in such a devastated land? Why should they try to discover a land of oblivion, a land in which spring is not a season of wild flowers and birds, but so cold that it stops the chemical action in a flashlight; a land in which one faces some of the world's bitterest winds; a land of crevices which could swallow an ocean liner; a land in which the sun says good-bye for months and people live like moles in dugouts. These and hundreds of other questions are asked by people who enjoy the comfort, happiness and security of home.

But, to the explorer it is a challenge! Is it a continent? Some geograph-

ers believe it to be two huge islands. How far does its mountain chain extend, and is the chain linked with the New Zealand ridges or the mighty Andean range? How thick is the ice cap? How old? How is it fed?

No single expedition might ever hope to answer all of these questions. But, by the pugnacious courage and intangible spirit of man some day in man's greatest search for truth, these dubious questions will be answered.

Admiral Byrd's first expedition was more for geographical achievements than anything else. In his 14-month stay his main feats were the charting of new inlets and bays, the discoveries of mountain ranges, the mapping of 160,000 square miles of the bleak continent and the first conquest of the South Pole by air.

At the end of Byrd's second expedition in 1934, 450,000 square miles of this glacial land was mapped or explored. Hundreds of new mountains were discovered, a vast new plateau was added to the map; and thousands of seismological soundings were made to determine the depth of unknown waters.

Many, if not all of the findings must be accredited to Admiral Byrd and his men for it is only through their efforts in making some field trips that valuable data has been collected.

An important subject of scientific study was that of terrestrial magnetism; the lines of force which make our earth a planetary magnet, affect the compasses of every vessel that sails the seas, and now bear down upon our daily lives because of their influence on radio reception.

Along the moraines the geologic party picked up many fragments that had tumbled from the mountain sides. These finds included plant fossils, leaf and stem impressions, coal and fossilized wood. There at the most southern-known mountain in the world scarcely two hundred miles from the South Pole, was conclusive evidence that the climate in Antarctica was once temperate or even subtropic. Along these ranges traces of minerals were also found, including galena (PbS), pyrites (FeS), and molybdenite (MoS₂).

Occasionally Byrd's field parties found ponds, which, though they were frozen at the time, had evidently been pools of water in the recent past, for pieces of algae were imprisoned in the ice. Some of this primitive flora was chipped out, and after it was brought back to Little America and thawed, the microscope made astonishing revelations. There, swimming before the very eyes of the men, were thousands of microscopic organisms. They had endured temperatures of 60 and 70 degrees below zero in an encysted stage, only to spring to life again within an hour after they had thawed out, ready to carry on their life functions. Perhaps some of these tiny creatures were brought to the Antarctic on

the plumage and feet of birds. Others may have existed there for thousands of years. The explorers will try to succeed in finding an answer.

Among the subjects being covered in the present expedition of Byrd's are astronomy, meteorology, biology, oceanography, vertebrate and invertebrate zoology, physiology, glaciology, stratigraphy, petrology, paleontology, tectonic and economic geology, geophysics, geography, terrestrial magnetism, bacteriology, botany, physiography, and cosmic rays.

The South Pole is approximately 9,071 feet above sea level. In the vicinity of the pole one must adopt a new conception of time and direction. To try to think in terms of north and south, noon or midnight, or even today or tomorrow, is to become helplessly involved in meaningless, contradictory phrases. At that theoretical point from which all directions are north, the meridians converge. These meridians encircle the earth from north to south and it is upon the relation between them and the sun that one is dependent for the system of time. In all parts of the world noon is the moment the sun crosses the meridian at which one is located.

At the South Pole one is at all meridians, therefore, one can consider it as any or all times of day at any given instant.

If one flies in an arc around the pole, one can go from today into tomorrow or in a very few moments fly into yesterday. Directions are just as meaningless. At the pole one can start flying on a straight line to the southeast, and in a few minutes that straight line will have changed its direction ninety degrees to the northeast.

The bottom of the world is the battleground of a sinister ice age in its flood tide. The ice age affects the air over the earth and the water of the ocean, and these in turn, affect the lives of millions of people.

The various parts of the earth are not constructed as air tight chambers. Air that is chilled by the frigid wastes of the Polar regions flows toward the warmer atmosphere of the equator, and the warm tropical air rises and circulates back to the frigid zones.

In the future, perhaps medical science will use Antarctica for experimentation because of the extraordinary purity of its air, and the few germs that exist in that extreme cold. Experts of the Rockefeller institute and other medical men have shown keen interest in this possibility.

And so we leave the land of shivers, the land which someday may be the bread and butter of American industries; a land which may yet cause a war between rival nations, in seeking its possession. And yet, it will still remain the land which is today covering its bosom with an ermine blanket of snow and silently but savagely challenging man to explore its mysterious storage ground. This may yield fame, riches, and happiness to some, yet to others it may bring death and destruction, the inevitable consequence of exploring Antarctica.

Indiana Sketches

Drawn by

CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR.

Indiana belongs to America. The bewildering city and the bushed village, the spreading mansion and mud-splashed tenant-but, these things are hers as they are the nation's. Things that crush with their size, things that roar, things that are simple, things tragic, not any of them can be left out of the scene called Indiana. Here are some sketches from her Grand Prairie in the North.

In these portraits you will see something of the drama of life. History tells a woe almost forgotten; religion struggles in the heart of children; business bounds old men to their graves; nature makes kings of simple men. Each page is a story etched with grief, resolution and conflict.

You know each of these folk, or their brothers and sisters.

P. F. S.



Amish Girl

Here is a little girl of the Plain People. Bred and reared in the strictest religious environment, her small mind is being trained in a milk-and-bread simplicity. Hers, too, is an inheritance of unflinching courage in the struggle for personal freedom.

How came this fantastic little fellow to her arms? He is "worldly"; he is not for Amish girls. Gaunt of face and of speech, the past will be heard. Yet how bold, impertinent, and mad, a stupid doll can be!



U. S. 30

As your tires sing a savage song along the highway route you will pass this farmer at the fence. Look quickly and see a king. Most people will hurry by, for they will hardly sense the fight that has been his. True, there is a kind of peace, but there is struggle, too. The earth is hard, heavy the rocks, and stubborn the forces of nature. Hands have guided many an animal in the field; eyes have searched for the enemy in the crop. Slow was the building of the barn; difficult the patterning of life and work.

Now that all this is his, yours is the story to be read.



Green Grocer

These forty years or more, our friend has served us from the counter. Long has he known the riches of fruits and vegetables: the searching acrid odor of a bunch of onions, the cool crispness of a head of lettuce, highlights on an apple's cheek, the homeliness of potatoes. But such thoughts, now, are never his; he weighs the pounds, he fills the sacks, he sorts the bunches and the heads. Once there was a dream, but life is so pressing, once a gleam, but necessity knows no shift. Youth has hardened into age—he smiles.



Ghost-Mother

Her tribe is Pottawattomie and she is of the past. The Prairie was hers once and her people's, a thing wild with wind and bright in the sun. Horizons stretched a level line of peace; earth was rich and bountiful. The Great God put this child within her arms, that he too might come to know the glory of this land.

But now these same broad fields have risen up against her. They press, they smother. Strange, that now a fence and the markings of a plow should be such friendly enemies. This other kind of peace can only make the heart grow taut. God keep the child!

She stands, a ghost.

Alchemy and the Alchemist

ALBERT REYMANN

There is a persistence to the legend of Faust (it walks the stage of this our day), and there is something of the same unforgettability in the strange case of alchemy. But the author, sophomore and science-student, could not but link this odd, queer past with this living, breathing day. You may not believe it, but the subject is not dead.

Alchemy in its narrowest sense represents the attempted transmutation of lead, mercury, and like base metals into the noble metals, in particular into gold. To tell the exhaustive story of Alchemy is to trace the material and to a very large extent the intellectual progress of the human race from the early beginnings to the present moment. Alchemy has been the handmaid of industry and the mother of philosophical speculation. It is the popular opinion that it arose among the Greeks in the centuries immediately preceding the Christian Era, yet ancient manuscripts and geological discoveries put the birthplace of Alchemy in the far east. The Arabs acquired their knowledge of Alchemy from the Greeks and introduced it into Europe when they invaded Spain.

The Greeks contributed nothing to the study of matter. Their deep aversion to experimentation coupled with their genius for speculative philosophy dealt a death blow to any scientific progress that they might have experienced. The pernicious influence of their ill-founded doctrines had a withering effect for the duration of the Middle Ages. Instead of proceeding from the known to the unknown and building their speculations upon personally acquired facts, the Greeks attempted to evolve the structure of a universe by intellectual processes alone. But their hypotheses were scarcely more than guesses.

The earliest Greek Alchemistical writings abound in references to oriental authorities and traditions. Possibly the Greeks gathered their ideas from the East. The fundamental theory of transmutation is found in the Greek manuscripts. Regarding all substances as being composed of the one primitive matter "the prima materia" and owing their specific differences to the presence of various qualities imposed upon it, the Alchemist hoped, that by taking away these qualities to obtain the prima materia itself, and then to get from it the particular substance that he desired by the addition of the appropriate materials. This so-called prima materia was mercury, but not mercury as we are accustomed to think of it; it was the mercury of the philosophers. The belief that all metals

consist of mercury and a touch of sulphur persisted in one form or the other until the seventeenth century.

Alchemy in its truer and wider sense stands for the Chemistry of the Middle Ages. The idea of transmutation had an erroneous philosophic basis and was linked with the prevailing Greek theories of matter. All the known world from the year one A.D. to the year fifteen hundred A.D. accepted the teachings of the Greek thinkers without contesting them by actual experiment. The false science of Alchemy swayed both church and state and numbered among its devotees such eminent figures as Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Raymond Lully, Saint Thomas Aquinas, and many more.

The real development of Alchemism took place in the western part of Europe. Gradually gaining a foothold in Spain and sweeping north through France and Germany to England the new theory of matter was cordially welcomed by the rich and poor alike. King Henry VI of England was perhaps the foremost of the exponents in the search for the *prima materia* or philosopher's stone as it was sometimes called; he alone regularly employed upwards of one hundred men whose sole occupation was the pursuit of the elusive substance. Some of the men in his employ were aware of the fact that the demonstrations performed from time to time to assuage the anxiety of the throne were hoaxes brought about through the clever manipulation of phosphorus and like elements. Others innocently believed that theirs was a true profession. The monks of the Middle Ages vigorously prosecuted the study of Alchemy. Practically every monastery and convent had its own would-be Chemists whose major occupation was to work on the elements in an effort to change them into the *prima materia*. After the monks and prelates had delved for several hundred years in Alchemy the pope forbade the practice among clergymen. Abuses were creeping into the church through it. Ecclesiastics were seeking to enrich themselves by the study of Alchemy and in so doing they neglected their religious duties which already were at a low ebb due to the influence of the new philosophies as taught by some of the more radical Humanists of the day.

In the sphere of Alchemy there were cheats reaping quite a sizeable profit from corrupt demonstrations. It was a simple matter for one who was familiar with the common elements to deceive those who had a limited knowledge, if any, of Chemistry. The most deplorable part of the feigned experiments was that it was difficult if not impossible to prove an exhibitor wrong with the little knowledge that was then at hand. Hollow tubes plugged with gold at one end and with lead at the other were common. By a slight twist of the wrist the crafty Alchemist transformed gold into lead and lead into gold and no one was the wiser. Phosphorus, since it gives off a bright light in the dark, played an important role in the fallacious exhibitions. Who was bold enough

to doubt the theories of the Greek masters? If there was such a fool he stood alone!

Practical contact with natural phenomena in the laboratory and continued failure of the main search led to a variety of speculative working assumptions among the Alchemists and these, often supported by nothing but the fame of their authors, turned into dogmas that were taught without hesitation as established truth. The philosopher's stone was thought to cure diseases, restore youth, prolong life, and change base metals into gold. Scientific language was only too often obscure and research was deepened by the lack of proper coordination between individuals, localities, and nations. The intellectual chaos in which the Alchemists were smothered was but a "groping in the dark." They had no set principles to go on, but instead they merely threw things together and prayed for the best. Still no gold? The stars and planets were said to be the cause of the failure to transmute matter.

However, Alchemy as practiced in western Europe represented one great gain for the betterment of man; it turned aside the current of pure speculation to which the Greek subscribed and gave a tremendous impulse to the actual working with substances. As a result great skill in manipulation was acquired and also a knowledge of the fundamental chemical processes.

Albertus Magnus who was once a confirmed Alchemist broke from the accepted fallacies and stated that Alchemy could not change species, but only imitates them. Scepticism of this kind was not universal and it must be noted that Albertus Magnus was an exception. One has to stretch the imagination to comprehend how great was this pioneer's courage to refute the beliefs of ages and stand the rebukes and digs from his own countrymen.

In the eleventh century Paracelsus declared that the true object of Alchemy was not the discovery of gold but the preparation of medicines. It must be noted that the processes described by the Alchemists of this period were not put forward as being miraculous or supernatural as they were previous to this time; they merely represent the methods employed by nature. The pseudo-scientists slowly approached the subject of matter in the correct manner.

Robert Boyle, an Englishman, following in the footsteps of Albertus Magnus and Paracelsus, arrived at some very definite conclusions in respect to the elements after an intensive study of gases. His theories found proof in the laboratories and were not conjectured without proof. The date 1627 marks the beginning of modern Chemistry; it was the year of Boyle's advent into the chemical world.

Through the sixteenth and even in the seventeenth century men adhered to the teachings of their forefathers in respect to Alchemy. By the eighteenth century the common practice of it had dwindled in a

goodly measure and convinced Alchemists were few and far between. At length the discovery of the elements in an ever increasing number conclusively proved to the world that Alchemy was wrong.

The slow progress of science among the ancients was due to the divorce of theory and practice. Those who did the work and those who did the thinking were out of touch. One must bear in mind that there was nothing inherently absurd in the problem which the Alchemists set themselves. It is the essential nature of chemical change that one substance with certain properties disappears while another with different properties takes its place. There was nothing in the knowledge of the times from which one had the right to conclude that it was any more impossible to obtain lead from sand stone than to obtain gold from lead. In fact the recent preparation of helium from radium puts the logic entirely on the side of the Alchemist.

It appears to us in this day and age as somewhat of a paradox that generation after generation of men, many of whom were learned and great thinkers in philosophical fields, could have expended so much effort on such a self-evident subject and still obtain practically no results. Had all these men directed their efforts in a systematic study of the elements as our chemists do today, it can only be left to speculation as to what they would have accomplished. A first year chemistry student, in the laboratory with his test tubes, daily refutes the Alchemists' claims.

The Alchemists salvaged several important discoveries for mankind; they paved the way for modern Chemistry and medicine. Then too in juggling the elements while trying to obtain the philosopher's stone they stumbled upon a few very common acids, namely, Sulphuric, Nitric, and Hydrochloric. These were originally used to break down or supposedly to break down the concoctions which were thought to terminate in the *prima materia*.

It is impossible to assert anything with absolute certainty about the transmutation of metals. On a very recent date atom smashers have succeeded in bringing about what some scientists believe to be a transmutation. The difficulty incurring in smashing the atom structure of the base metals for the purpose of changing their nature would prevent the sale of any noble metal derived from the process as the price would be exceedingly high. The twentieth century Alchemist differs from the Alchemist of old in this respect; the former does not try to transmute for the expressed purpose of gaining riches but with the idea in mind of studying the elements and their structure.

Experience Talks to Youth

RICHARD SCHEIBER

Here you must read and listen as you have never read and listened before. Garnered from all walks of life, from all ages, from all parts of our country, these are words that are meant for you. Interesting highlights make the writing quite interesting, but the substance is of the greatest importance. It is yours to take.

Snow was piling high on the window sills and a winter wind was howling through the court of Drexel Hall one evening last January, when there came a tap-tap-tapping at our chamber door. Mystery heightened when a few of the stalwart editors of MEASURE entered. They turned off the radio ceremoniously.

"When a college man comes to the fork in the road," they said, "what does he need most to help him follow the right path?"

Now there was a stunner, "A miracle, maybe. Unless some straight-shouldered advice appeals to you gentlemen better," we ventured. Well, the "advice to youth" angle was the answer they were waiting for. They suggested that we write letters to outstanding Catholics in various fields, telling them of the plight of the average collegian. A seven-part questionnaire went along with the letter. Twenty-four of these requesting missives went out of Collegeville to twenty-four fine examples of lay-Catholicity. "Catholic college men of today are in need of the type of advice you can supply," a part of the letter read. This was back in February. At this writing fourteen answers have found their way back to our desk.

Out of a January blizzard, then, we have today arrived at spring. And out of the hurricane of confusion extant in the average collegiate mind, there has come the warmth and sunshine that only advice to youth from competent counselors can afford. Following are the questions we sent, brief paragraphs acquainting the reader further with the achievements of our advisers, then their answers themselves, and finally other remarks pertaining to the questionnaire in general.

Questionnaire

(1) What advice, the most important in the years to come, would you give to the graduate of 1940?

(2) Who, among Catholic authors, are your favorites?

(3) Of the two types of education for college men, specialized and liberal arts, which do you consider more valuable?

(4) Of all the qualities necessary for a true Catholic life, which do you consider most desirable?

(5) What is the greatest need of Catholics in your field today?

(6) Would you care to outline some project on which you are working at the moment?

(7) What is your favorite hobby?

Answers to the above queries were forthcoming from important Catholic figures in such lines of work as scientific research, business and finance, fiction, journalism, art, writing and education, motion pictures and radio, playwrighting, and music.

George Sperti Sperti, especially prominent for his progress in cancer research at the Institutum Divi Thomae, Cincinnati, was born in Covington, Ky., January 17, 1900. He studied at University of Cincinnati, University of Dayton, and at Duquesne University. From 1931 to 1935 he was director of the Sperti Lamp Corporation and of General Development Laboratory, both in New York City. Since 1935 he has been supervisor of scientific research at the Institution in Cincinnati. Mr. Sperti is co-author of *The Quantum Theory in Biology* and of *Correlated Investigation in the Basic Sciences*. Among his inventions are the K-va Meter and the Sperti Sun Lamp. He was named member of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences in 1936 by Pope Pius XI.

An answer to an investor's prayer is the veteran business analyst, John Moody, who was born in Jersey City, N. J., May 2, 1868. His education came from public schools, high school and private study. In 1899 he married Anna M. Addison, of Nice, France. The Moodys have two sons, Ernest, and John, who died in 1926. Mr. Moody is the founder of Moody's Investor's Service, with offices in New York, London, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles. Ascribed to his pen are *The Truth About the Trusts*, *The Long Road Home*, and *The Art of Wall Street Investing*. Contributor to all of the ranking Catholic magazines, Mr. Moody has been a convert since 1931.

Prominent as an educator and author, Helen Constance White was born in New Haven, Conn., November 26, 1896. University of Wisconsin awarded her with a Ph.D. in 1924. Politically she is non-partisan. Miss White has written *Not Built With Hands*, *A Watch in the Night*, *Victorian Prose*, and others. This member of Phi Beta Kappa thinks that MEASURE's idea of a questionnaire is a praiseworthy one. At present she is spending a year of research at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

A man who learned journalism from the bottom first is John Patrick Lally, Fiction and Religion Editor of the *Chicago Daily News*. A graduate of St. Vincent's College, Mr. Lally went on to Duquesne where he pursued courses in journalism. Regularly a speaker at Catholic Press

Association Conventions, this writer often narrates his early experiences on two small Pennsylvania newspapers, for which he toiled at a six-dollar a-week salary. Mr. Lally delivered the Baccalaureate address here during the 1938 Commencement. Accompanying his answer was a donation for the newly begun Lally Short Story Contest.

A native of Belgium who developed a liking for art at an early age, is Adelaide de Bethune. She was born in Brussels, January 12, 1914. America welcomed her as a little girl, and Cathedral High School was one of her first educators in New York City. Later she studied at the National Academy of Design from 1929 to 1931. During her career she has taught at the Portsmouth Priory School in Rhode Island. Her illustrations have appeared in such ranking Catholic magazines as *Liturgical Arts*, *Catholic Worker*, *Christian Front*, *Torch* and others.

Few educators and authors can point to such an interesting past as Daniel Sargent, who was born in Boston, August 22, 1890. He achieved his M.A. degree from Harvard in 1914. In 1916 he went to France and became a volunteer in the ambulance service for that country. His work for the service merited him the coveted Croix de Guerre. When the United States was drawn into the conflict, Mr. Sargent became Lieutenant and Captain of U. S. Artillery Regiments. Since the war he has been a member of the faculty of history and literature at Harvard. He married Louise Riche Coolige in 1920 and is the father of two children, Louise and Daniel. Travel in France and Italy have called him on two different occasions, in 1920-21, and in 1929-30. President of the Catholic Poetry Society from 1935 to 1937 was one of his honors. Some of his best-remembered verse is *Our Gleaming Ways*, *The Door*, and *The Song of the Three Children*; while he is responsible for *Thomas More*, *Four Independents*, *Catherine Tekakwitha*, and others in prose.

In Hollywood, where the secret of successful married life seems widely undiscovered, there lives the happiest family man in the colony, Bing Crosby. Most movie fans like to dwell on how lucky Bing was to marry Dixie Lee, and how idyllic life with their young children seems to be. Not so many years ago it was Mr. Crosby, then known as Harry Lillis Crosby, who came put-putting down the western coast from Washington state with an ancient junk-heap of a car, and with extremely scant funds for existence. The boys were headed for Hollywood, bent upon success. No one can deny that Bing has hit the mark, particularly so long as Paramount continues to make such pictures as "Road to Singapore," in which Bing was comically co-starred with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour.

Another dyed-in-the-wool journalist who came up the hard way, but who can write excellent poetry along with his editorial capacities, is Clifford Laube, a native of Telluride, Colo., where he was born August 28, 1891. A printer's devil on the old Rico (Colo.) *News*, young Clif-

ford Laube joined with his father to found the *Rico Item* four years later in 1907. The son was owner, editor and publisher by 1918, the year after he married Dora Elizabeth Weber. A two year turn in the Colorado State Legislature is accredited to Mr. Laude before he struck the main stream of journalism with the Assistant City Editorship on the *Brooklyn Daily News*. This was from 1921 to 1929. Then he transferred to the *New York Times* where, since 1930, he has been suburban editor. During this period of his life, Mr. Laube branched out as a poet-journalist of considerable ability. He has contributed verse to the *New York Times*, *Spirit*, *Commonweal* and numerous other publications.

A Catholic playwright who has gained renown as the director of the Federal Theatre Project is Emmet Lavery. Born in Poughkeepsie, New York, November 8, 1902, Mr. Lavery received an LL.B. degree from Fordham in 1924. A year later he married Elizabeth Drislane, a Vassar graduate of 1928. The Laverys are parents of two children, a boy and a girl. Mr. Lavery was admitted to the New York State Bar in 1925, the same year in which he began a ten-year period as city editor of Poughkeepsie's *Sunday Courier*. During the next two years a Hollywood scenario-writing position lured him to the west coast. Since 1937 he has been director of the Federal Theatre Movement. In 1937 also, he organized the Catholic Theatre Conference, now established at Catholic University in Washington. Mr. Lavery is the author of *The First Legion*, *Monsignor's Hour*, *Second Spring*, *Brother Petroc's Return*, *Ex-President*, and *Kamiano*. At present this leading Catholic dramatist is the assistant director of Theatre Research for Rockefeller Foundation at Vassar College. Mr. Lavery, who is indexing records of the Federal Theatre for public study, was first to reply to the questionnaire. He asked to be remembered to his friend Father Speckbaugh, and called the MEASURE idea "interesting."

Music was represented by one of her most accomplished students, Pietro Yon. Organist in the famed St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, Mr. Yon originated in Settimo, Vittone, Italy, August 8, 1886. In his youth he studied at the conservatories of Milan and Turin, and at the Academy of St. Cecilia. Following his study and until 1907, this musician was assistant organist at the Vatican and in the Royal Church, Rome. In 1907 he became organist of the St. Francis Xavier Church, New York City. He has made several extensive tours of the United States, and is at present established with his brother in the Yon Music Studios in Carnegie Hall. Compositions of Mr. Yon include sonatas, oratorios, masses, motets, and pieces for organ and piano. The silence of our great municipal organs is a matter of particular concern of his. Although the questionnaire reached Mr. Yon in an especially busy season, he nevertheless sent a copy of *The Caecilia*, a magazine dedicated to his work.

There you have brief sketches out of the lives of the prominent lay-Catholics who contributed to the project. Their answers to the questions appear unchanged in the following paragraphs.

First Question

Had the questionnaire been limited to the first question alone, all the gems of advice resulting therefrom would alone have made the poll worth while. "What advice, the most important in the years to come, would you give to the graduate of 1940," brought forth the following responses:

GEORGE SPERTI—"It is the duty of every college graduate to strive to rise above mediocrity and to prove, by accomplishment and by proclamation of our Faith that religion is not a hindrance but an advantage in the pursuit of a chosen profession. It is the duty of every graduate to bring out the best that is in him in whatever field he may choose as his life work. Strive to accomplish and in accomplishing 'Rise Above Mediocrity'."

JOHN MOODY—"Defend your Faith by 'knowing the answers' and by living it—especially living it close to the sacraments. Express your Faith in your daily activities."

HELEN CONSTANCE WHITE—"Young people must not allow themselves to be discouraged at the start by the appalling confusion in which the world today finds itself. Whatever the race has achieved of civilization has been achieved by men who carried the torch of faith and resolution through days just as dark as these. I think it is very important that young Catholics should look at the world as steadily and as clearly as possible to see just what are the ways in which they can bring their resources to bear upon the problems of the time. There was never much excuse for timid or lazy Catholics anyway; but today, every young Catholic with the privilege of college education has the obligation to use his opportunities to the utmost, both for informing himself as to the needs of the hour and training himself to make his contribution to them."

JOHN PATRICK LALLY—"My idea would be to get a job; then look over the field and decide just what you want to do. But first I like to see a young man become self-supporting."

ADELAIDE DE BETHUNE—"Go to work, Don't look for a job. Be your own boss."

DANIEL SARGENT—"Remember that 1940, like the 1940 years before it, is one of the years of Our Lord, one of the years of our Salvation. As the old chroniclers would say: 'One of the years of our Christian liberty, and of our Christian rejoicing'."

BING CROSBY—"Age Quod Agis. Do what you do!"

CLIFFORD LAUBE—"Don't waste time, energy and opportunity by indecision. Unless you have already done so, make up your mind at once with regard to your vocation and avocation. Having decided, pursue them with complete concentration of purpose and effort. Be receptive to wise counsel, but don't lean too heavily on others. Make your own decisions; trust in your own talents and rely upon your own powers, recognizing, of course, that all gifts are from God. There is always a place for the top-notchers. Be governed in every action by Catholic moral and ethical principles."

EMMET LAVERY—"At the risk of seeming presumptuous, I would suggest reflection on the line in Denis Johnston's *The Moon in the Yellow River* which says in effect, 'the trouble with us Irish is we believe in fairies and deal in pigs.' It is true of all of us. We believe in the sublime and put up with the ridiculous. There is so little correlation between what we believe and what we do in the light of that belief. We are like little boys who have inherited a great symphony and can barely whistle the tune."

Question Two

Catholic college students may continue to be advised by the second question. "Who, among Catholic authors, are your favorites?" shows that a knowledge of the writers of your own Faith is highly desirable.

GEORGE SPERTI—"Most of my reading is confined to scientific publications, particularly current journals and textbooks. However, I am deeply interested in the works of St. Thomas Aquinas."

JOHN MOODY—"John Henry Newman and G. K. Chesterton."

HELEN CONSTANCE WHITE—"Sigrid Undset, Sister Madeleva, Jacques Maritain, Ida Coudenhove, Bishop David Mathew."

JOHN PATRICK LALLY—"Belloc and Chesterton. Incidentally, we're badly in need of Catholic fiction writers."

ADELAIDE DE BETHUNE—"The Holy Ghost."

DANIEL SARGENT—"Father Leonard Feeney of our land, Paul Claudel of France."

CLIFFORD LAUBE—"St. Augustine, Paul Claudel, Helen Waddell, Father Leonard Feeney, Sister Maris Stella and Jessica Powers."

EMMET LAVERY—"Newman, first, last and always because he integrates perfectly all the answers to the questions: Who am I, Where Did I Come From, Where Am I Going. Also Helen White, Myles Connolly, Leonard Feeney and Dorothy Day."

Question Three

This brought forth a series of varied answers. The qualifications that the responders linked with their opinions are considerably interesting. Here, then, are statements to aid in settling question three, "Of the two

types of education for college men, specialized and liberal arts, which do you consider more valuable?"

GEORGE SPERTI—"Those who are intending to do specialized work in any one of the precise sciences should realize that specialized education would be more valuable to them, but those who contemplate such professional careers as education, lawyers, statesmen, etc., should precede their specialized education by liberal arts training. Briefly, this question must be decided by the individual in view of his plans for his life work."

JOHN MOODY—"All things considered, the liberal arts."

HELEN CONSTANCE WHITE—"Liberal arts for foundation, then specialize in graduate or professional work."

JOHN PATRICK LALLY—"Liberal arts, by all means. A good liberal arts education is like a stone foundation upon which to erect a career. It stands through the years."

ADELAIDE DE BETHUNE—"Neither."

DANIEL SARGENT—"Liberal Arts."

BING CROSBY—"Depends upon the vocation. If not certain, the liberal arts. If certain, specialize."

CLIFFORD LAUBE—"Liberal arts, provided the instruction is both Catholic and thorough."

EMMET LAVERY—"I believe the base can never be broad enough. Newman's *Idea of a University* should be our ideal in this respect. Better to educate a whole man than just part of him, particularly in a day when the 'specialties' are changing so rapidly."

Question Four

This was an important query. Because of the serious nature of the request, the answers teem with vital qualities to be sought after. Catholic collegians learn "Of all the qualities necessary for a true Catholic life, which do you consider most desirable?"

GEORGE SPERTI—"The most necessary for a true Catholic life is honesty of thought as well as of deed; this combined with a constant regard for the need of one's fellowman."

JOHN MOODY—"Ability to defend your Faith by 'knowing all the answers' and by living it. Stay close to the sacraments."

HELEN CONSTANCE WHITE—"Resolution and intelligence."

JOHN PATRICK LALLY—"Good works—Do things to help the under dog and do them as a Catholic, not as a publicity seeker."

ADELAIDE DE BETHUNE—"Sense of humor."

DANIEL SARGENT—"Courage."

BING CROSBY—"Morally—Adherence to Commandments. Socially—Ability to discuss your religion intelligently, but not argumentatively."

CLIFFORD LAUBE—"Steadfastness in faith, fortitude in hope and perseverance in charity. An inflexible resoluteness in making Catholic precepts an integral part of life and conduct."

EMMET LAVERY—"An awareness of its enduring reality as deduced in human lives from Peter and Paul down to Fenelon and Newman, Thomas More and Campion, Damien and Peter Claver, and especially Bernadette."

Question Five

This question probes into some of the rights and wrongs of the various professions. Ideas of what is necessary in various fields are brought to light in "What is the greatest need for Catholics in your field today?"

GEORGE SPERTI—"Catholics always have and are today taking an active part in the development of every branch of science. What they should be more prone to do is to take a vigorous stand against such claims of pseudo-science that undermine the belief in God and the supernatural life for they, better than anyone else, can recognize the false premises on which these assertions are based."

JOHN MOODY—"The courage and willingness to defend their Faith and to express it in their daily activities."

HELEN CONSTANCE WHITE—"First-rate stories of the contemporary world, then of the great crises of history."

JOHN PATRICK LALLY—"Just his old-fashioned faith, never forgetting that no matter how much knowledge he may acquire, it's like a pin point compared to the universe."

ADELAIDE DE BETHUNE—"Liturgy."

DANIEL SARGENT—"Respect for God's creation—all of it."

BING CROSBY—"In stage, pictures and radio, good clean material."

CLIFFORD LAUBE—"With respect to poetry, the greatest need among Catholics today is to more fully realize the extent and significance of the Catholic poetry movement now in progress in this country, under the leadership of the Catholic Poetry Society of America and its magazine, *Spirit*. Nine out of ten Catholics seem to have a hazy notion that Catholic poetry ended with Joyce Kilmer. The best current poetry is Catholic."

EMMET LAVERY—"A sense of theatre perspective and sound critical standards, the ability to distinguish the best from the second best; an awareness that we have ten centuries and more of Catholic drama behind us as our heritage; an appreciation of the Catholic note in the theatre generally, of T. S. Eliot, Thornton Wilder, even Shaw in *St. Joan*. If we did for the plays of Calderon, Roswitha and de Vega what Orson Welles did for Marlowe's *Faustus*, we'd know the full richness of our heritage."

Question Six

This question gives our counselors an opportunity to give vent to their own private pursuits, many of them still unpublicized. To repeat the question, "Would you care to outline some project on which you are working at the moment?"

GEORGE SPERTI—"Research at present is concentrated on the cancer problem. This problem is being attacked through a study of the factors influencing cellular behavior, in particular the factors influencing growth, respiration, and glycolysis. Three families of substances, which we have called 'Biodynes,' of biological origin have been isolated. These substances control the metabolism of living cells. The research to date demonstrates that a relationship exists between the metabolism of normal cells and the resistance of the animal to transplant tumors. It is hoped, through this work, to control the metabolism of cancer cells and bring them to normal."

JOHN MOODY—"I'm trying to write a book which will be (if ever complete) a sort of sequel to my *Long Road Home*."

HELEN CONSTANCE WHITE—"A study of the interrelations between the various movements of religious thought and feeling in sixteenth century England."

JOHN PATRICK LALLY—"My present task is trying to write a political novel which will be in the nature of an expose of conditions in our cities."

ADELAIDE DE BETHUNE—"Book on Symbolism. Illustrations for a child's book of Blessed Martin de Porres. Pamphlet on The Way of the Cross. Illustrations for the *Catholic Worker*."

DANIEL SARGENT—"Have some poems in mind—longer than lyric. I should like to bring out somehow in historical writings something of the spiritual nature of the discovery and exploration and development of our land; the place of our history in world history."

CLIFFORD LAUBE—"Yes. I have already published, in my home workshop and hand-bindery, two books of Catholic poetry which have been widely acclaimed in both the Catholic and secular press; and I plan to bring out a third next year. To these will be added new books by distinguished Catholic poets of my own selection, until a total of ten is reached. They will be known as the 'Monastine Poets,' so-called after the name of my press, (The Monastine Press.)"

EMMET LAVERY—"An assistant director of Theatre Research at Vassar College, I am indexing Federal Theatre records for public use and study. Samuel French is now publishing my dramatization of *Brother Petroc's Return* and during the coming year I expect to finish a book called *Memo for Tomorrow: the Federal Theatre in Profile*. One chapter

will tell the truth about the Dies Committee in action and how its *ex parte* tactics confused the Catholics in some sections of the country."

Question Seven

Prominent Catholics are as human as your next door neighbor. "What is your favorite hobby?" shows how our advisers spend their time out of harness.

GEORGE SPERTI—"Fishing and farming."

JOHN MOODY—"Carpentering—building things."

HELEN CONSTANCE WHITE—"Travel is one."

JOHN PATRICK LALLY—"I have no hobby at all, unless you want to call drinking beer on Saturdays a hobby."

ADELAIDE DE BETHUNE—"Teasing people."

DANIEL SARGENT—"Hill-climbing here and in foreign parts."

BING CROSBY—"Horses."

CLIFFORD LAUBE—"Bookcraft, including typography."

EMMET LAVERY—"Telling the truth about everyday absurdities (such as bingo) at communion breakfasts. I am usually not asked back again! I think we should abolish all parish gambling, budget parish expenses and pro-rate the per capita assessment according to the ability to pay (social justice applied to parish financing), throttle the professional Catholics, discipline the Jew baiters, and cultivate true Catholic objectivity in our public thinking."

In the blazing words of a man sold on his own opinion, the MEASURE questionnaire comes to a close.

Secretaries of two other counselors answered in words to the effect that their employers were out of town or ill. Spencer Tracy is vacationing between pictures, while Carlton Hayes, of the staff of Columbia University, has been confined because of illness. Answers from both of these are forthcoming.

Now, as shades of night are gently lowering over the leas of Collegeville, there again comes the tap-tap-tapping at the chamber door of number 223. Without further reflection, we know that the stalwart editors of MEASURE have returned for the assignment it has been our great pleasure to perpetrate. Casting an appreciative glance at our fourteen cherished answers from lay-Catholics who unselfishly came to the aid of the advice-seeking college man, we shall hand them this.

Bowl and Leaf

THOMAS BUGHER

You can never be reluctant about reading this treatise on pipes and smoking — unless you are one of the unwashed few who see unalterably nothing in this friend of mankind. Mr. Bugher very well sees the world's need for release from turmoil and strife and so suggests a remedy. If you are interested in the whole wide world, you must consider it.

As far back as the dawn of history, man has been known to smoke a pipe. Perhaps this sounds like a rather broad statement, yet among the remains of prehistoric man in both Asia and the Americas, evidence has been found to cement this truth.

Smoking was introduced into the more modern world, through Europe from Central America about 1510; Francisco Hernando Toledo, Jean Nicot (after whom Nicotine is named) Lane and Sir Walter Raleigh share the honor of introducing it. Introduction of pipe smoking into this country is attributed to Miles Standish who smoked an iron pipe that he brought over in the Mayflower, and up to the present day man includes among his necessities for satisfaction, a pipe of some type. Nor is man the only of the sexes to derive enjoyment from puffing on a briar; the more daring women of all ages and races, not to be outdone by her mate, have indulged in this, supposedly masculine diversion. The French women are quite well known to have smoked pipes, and the wife of General Jackson, seventh President of the United States, an exemplary woman in all respects, always smoked a pipe after dinner.

Delving into literature, the praises of the comforter, pipe, are found to be most abundant. Cowper, in "Conversation" says,

"The Pipe, with solemn interposing
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again."

Bulwer Lytton wrote, "A pipe! It is a great comforter, a pleasant soother. Blue devils fly before its honest breath. It ripens the brain, it opens the heart, and the man who smokes thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan."

Charles Lamb said that he wished his last breath might be drawn through a pipe and exhaled in a pun, and the French artist Gavarni, on his deathbed, is reported to have told a friend, "I leave you my wife and my pipe; take care of my pipe."

If you have never smoked a pipe, undoubtedly you are wondering what all the fuss is about. Why should a little thing like a pipe be so necessary to a man? How can puffing on such a smelly thing apparently bring even the smallest amount of enjoyment?

For the scientifically minded, an analysis could be made and perhaps a volume of facts could be accumulated to satisfy these questions. But you don't analyze the enjoyment of pipe smoking any more than you would try to analyze the blazing beauty of the sun sinking down into its evening bath of deepening colors. Certainly not; somewhere within you there is an appreciation, an understanding, a feeling of gratitude for this pleasure you know is quite out of the ordinary.

To the ardent pipe fan, every lighting of his pipe kindles the spark of this special enjoyment. He experiences a pleasure known only to himself and to those who really understand the living personality of a pipe. Sometimes, watch a pipe lover when he is about to smoke his pipe. Notice how gently he handles it while filling. Notice how carefully he lights it, then when the pipe is lighted, catch that gleam of pleasure that shines from his eyes as he sinks back in his chair and watches the curling eddies climb the room. You know you're missing something when you watch the way he sniffs the columns of blue smoke arising from the glowing bowl. To him they are fragrant clouds of a mild perfume, a masculine perfume, strong yet delicate enough not to be unpleasant. Notice how the perfume of that burning tobacco mixture seems to sooth him. He assumes an attitude of complete comfort, and lets the rest of the world go rushing madly on. Alone, in the realm of thought with his silent companion.

Man, by nature, is a thinker for in the world of his creative imagination he can be King or anything he chooses. Yet even a king craves companionship, and what is a more pleasant companion than one who listens to your every word and never interrupts your thoughts and brings you back into the harsh glare of reality?

Whether you choose to remain within the realm of your thoughts or decide to share those thoughts with another, your pipe is never incompatible, but acts as an incentive that adds impetus to conversation. For, as related in "Inter Sodales,"

"Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation
Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse.
And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,
Hastens, a very spendthrift, to disburse
The coins new minted of imagination.

So you see, my questioning friend, the enjoyment in a pipe comes from the understanding of it just as two people become friends upon mutual understanding of the qualities each possesses. The surest method of obtaining a true friend is to be one. Treat your pipe as you would a

friend and you will receive the bountiful advantages of a true friendship.

Now that you know what all the fuss is about how do you go about understanding a pipe? Isn't it just an inanimate object composed of wood and some kind of composition? Just how are you supposed to treat a pipe?

Materially, a pipe is an inanimate object composed of wood and a hard rubber compound, but idealistically, it takes on the form of personality; half through imagination, half through reality. The reality is the knowledge of just what a pipe is. You've seen a pipe. You know it is composed of stem and bowl. Somewhere you've heard the bowl is composed of briar. Now that you think of it, you don't know exactly what briar is; it's wood, of course, but what kind, and why does it hold preference over all the other various types of wood? Now that you're at it, just what is the stem composed of, and how do they put the two together?

After a little research you find that Briar is a shrub or bush, a species of the heather family, that grows in the arid wilderness on the side of the hills and in the rocky soil of the mountainous parts of the countries facing the Mediterranean sea, such as, France, Algiers, Italy, Greece, Spain, Corsica, Sicily, Morocco, and Tunisia.

Briar is used in making the bowls of pipes because it is tough, compact, and has the qualifications of holding fire instead of burning readily. The portion of the briar used is the body portion of the roots that grow underground and are approximately the size of a man's head. This is called a "burl"; its size depends upon the age of the growth.

The highest grade briar is found in high, dry regions where it is hardest for the shrub to live and grow because it must struggle for moisture and nourishment from the barren soil. It takes these burls from 50 years to several centuries to develop. During the rainy season the burls are cut and are immediately buried in the earth so that they may be kept moist and die a natural death. The object of this burying is to prevent the wood from cracking; any splitting or cracking of the briar would afterwards show up as a flaw in the pipe.

When the briar is dead it is extracted and boiled in a special solution that removes the sap, and then it is seasoned from six months to two years, depending upon the condition of the briar. When the burl is ready for cutting it is sawed into squares and gradually cut into the rough shape of the type of bowl it will become.

Now the tobacco chamber and smoke passage of the shank are drilled with precision instruments, the bowl is sandpapered into its permanent shape, the surface finish is applied, and the bowl is completed. Next comes the manufacturing of the stem. The stem is composed of processed rubber poured into a mold and allowed to harden. Some type of filter or "spit-trap" is attached to the end of the stem that is inserted

into the bowl. The stem is inserted into the bowl and the pipe is ready for smoking.

Manufacturing is, of course, a very important factor in producing friendliness in a pipe, but more important is "breaking in" a pipe. Even a cheap pipe of inferior briar and make may become pleasant and sweet smoking if broken in properly.

How to break a pipe in? To exhaust that question would take enough paper to cover Madison Square Garden, for there are as many methods of breaking in a pipe as there are pipe smokers; each one has his own pet theory on the subject so the best that can be done is to set down a few general principles and let it go at that.

First, remove the "fuzz," caused from drilling, that remains on the inside of the bowl. This fuzz must be removed because upon the lighting of the first load of tobacco it will catch fire, thus closing the pores in the wood; this ruins the smoking qualities of the pipe. The fuzz can be removed by scraping the inside of the bowl, then moistening it with water. In the better, more expensive, grades of pipes this isn't necessary because they are put through a process that removes the fuzz before they leave the factory.

Well, now the pipe is ready for its first load of tobacco. What tobacco should be used? Again, this depends upon the smoker's taste. Some prefer a straight tobacco, others a standard blend or a mixture of their own concoction. Good advice for a beginner is to go to a reliable dealer and ask for a mild, long cut tobacco. The long cut is better because it doesn't burn as rapidly or hot, as a finer cut tobacco and it is easier to keep lighted. One of the chief difficulties encountered by a novice pipe smoker is keeping the pipe lighted steadily. If the tobacco is kept rather moist the greater part of this difficulty will be erased.

Now that we have the pipe and tobacco the thing to do is put them together and find out what happens. At first the pipe won't taste as you imagined it should because you have not as yet, a "cake," in the bowl. The cake is a crust of carbon that clings to the wall of the bowl from the burning of the tobacco, but never allow it to become more than 1/16th of an inch thick or it may crack the bowl. This cake is the principal cause of a sweet tasting pipe. For about the first dozen loads you smoke, fill the bowl only half full so that the cake will be formed in the heel of the bowl as well as the top. Another important item to remember in breaking in your pipe is to use the same brand of tobacco for the first thirty or forty loads because mixing tobaccos will leave the taste strong and flat. Always light the tobacco evenly around the complete surface of the bowl so that the cake will form uniformly; don't ever smoke an unbroken in pipe in the wind because the fast burning of the tobacco is likely to cause a "burn out" e. g., the briar itself is burned and the pores closed. After you have your pipe lighted, puff on it slowly or the

tobacco will burn too fast and the result is that your tongue is "bitten" and you lose the real flavor and fragrance of the tobacco.

After you have finished smoking the load of tobacco the natural tendency is to remove the ashes by tapping the bowl upside down against anything handy, but remember you have a pipe, not a mallet, and briar will crack fairly easy when it is hot, so tap the bowl against the palm of your hand, then jab loose the tight bottom ash with a match stick. When the pipe is empty blow through it to remove all the stale smoke that might remain and allow the bowl to cool and the stem to dry before you smoke it again. One of the chief causes of bad tasting pipes is smoking them before they are dry. Constant smoking allows the heel to become soggy and the shank to collect some of the saturated tobacco. Drawing your smoke through this dank, smelly silt is bound to ruin the flavor of your tobacco and make it strong and bitey. So give your pipe and yourself a rest now and then; you'll both be much happier and derive much more enjoyment from each other.

Remember too that the cleaner a pipe is kept the sweeter it will smoke. A pipe should be cleaned after each fifth smoking. Don't be afraid to use plenty of pipe cleaners; your taste enjoyment will be doubled if you keep all the nicotine juices out of the heel, shank and stem of your pipe. When you clean it remove the stem and run a cleaner through it several times and if the stem is especially "juicy" allow a pipe cleaner to remain in it all night so it can absorb all the juice that cannot be removed by ordinary cleaning. Do the same to the shank also because it is in the shank where the pipe goes strong first. After excessive smoking if the shank becomes too strong and cannot be remedied by ordinary cleaning use a pipe sweetener. There are several brands on the market the best of which is probably "Bee Brand."

Well, we've met our friend, the pipe; we've learned what makes him tick, and we've learned how to treat him; so much for the reality side of his personality. Now for the idealism.

It would be simple to prove the universal acceptance of the companionship of a pipe by mankind by the use of a simple syllogism, such as, What all men from all time have accepted as true must be true. But all men from all time have accepted the companionship of a pipe. Therefore, a pipe is truly a companion to man. This syllogism proves the point all right, but that's too much like analyzing that beautiful sunset. If you believe that the enjoyment of pipe smoking is purely an idealism, just try smoking one for a few months and you will understand why all men from all time and all walks of life seem just a little more contented, just a little happier when they are puffing on an old briar, as smelly and moldy as it may be.

Sculptor For God

CHARLES J. PEITZ, JR.

Clement J. Barnhorn loved his marble and his Faith. His heart, the heart of a great artist knew how to make his sculpturing the handmaid of his religion. His was the great gift of beauty and of love. So tells the author of these pages in this gripping story of the life of a man.

It is a lamentable fact that the American public, who generally considers itself far in advance of the rest of the world in standards of living and educational features, is singularly lacking in the appreciation of some of the greatest achievements of the mind of man. The so-called well educated American points out the accomplishments of his country in the social and scientific fields, and alludes rather contemptuously to the poverty and unsanitary living conditions of the peasantry of Europe. He forgets, however, that these things are not the most basic, the most fundamental necessities for a full and enjoyable existence. He thinks too much of material and physical comforts, and too little of the greatest and most lasting pleasures man can have in this life, those of exercising his intellect. This is the reason that in America men and women like Babe Ruth, Jack Benny, Hedy Lamarr and hosts of others reach universal fame and fortune, while such names as Duveneck, Dante, Goethe, Cherterton, and Barnhorn are known only to a comparative few. This is the reason that the average American finds it hard to be interested in any one thing for any length of time, and continues to seek out new and different and sometimes very silly pleasures only to discard them after the novelty has worn off.

Of course, these faults in American appreciation are excusable to a certain extent because of the comparative youth of American culture and the still somewhat crude environmental conditions. But it is a sad thing that the work of a genius in art like Clement J. Barnhorn, internationally known as one of the greatest sculptors America has produced, a devout Catholic and a very great gentleman, should be appreciated by only the better-educated few of his own country, and practically lost insofar as the lower classes are concerned.

Of course, in his native city, Cincinnati, Barnhorn enjoys great fame, if not adulation, partly because he has received many tributes from local writers, and partly because the city itself is an art center. Then, too, the vast amount of works he has done for public and private institutions there has made his name a byword in Cincinnati art circles. But he merits more fame than this. Every American should know him and revere

his name for that of a great and true American; if not for his artistic ability, then for the tremendous vitality and perseverance of the man, for the strength and fortitude he displayed in overcoming the almost overwhelming odds which faced him in his struggle for success.

From the very beginning, his path was strewn with obstacles. He received nothing without hard and constant work. Every bit of success, every bit of honor he received he paid for many times over in his constant battle against poverty. At one time he was on the point of actual starvation in Paris when he was literally rescued by his henceforth lifelong friend, Frank Duveneck, and sent to Italy to rest and recuperate. It was only when he returned to the loving arms of his native city that he could be sure of a safe and substantial livelihood. It is to the great credit of Cincinnati that she should have been the first to note the great talent of Barnhorn.

For Barnhorn is really good. The popularity his work enjoys is not the result of a mere fad, not the result of showmanship. It is the result of his calm and serene genius and his infinite capacity for hard work. It is the result of his intense interest in life and human nature. It is the result of his pure, sweet, innocent and simple personality.

This simplicity gives rise to a power and indomitable strength which is reflected throughout most of his works. Let us consider "Magdalene," his first great work, which won for him honorable mention at the Paris Exposition in 1895. It is an immense study of a nude figure thrown to the ground beneath the weight of her own sins. Her head is buried in her arms. Everything in her attitude and posture depicts her utter anguish and sorrow. The very size of the figure, together with the simple rendering gives the whole a powerful aspect. There are no accompanying figures or accessories; nothing is brought out which may detract from the essential idea of sorrow. There is only the prostrate figure of Magdalene, simple, powerful, crushed beneath the tremendous weight of her remorse.

But the treatment of ideas such as that found in "Magdalene" is not Barnhorn's greatest forte. His real genius lies in his marvelous ability to express the tenderness and innocence of childhood. A striking bit of his work in this field is a fountain, executed in Rookwood pottery for a Pittsburgh department store. In the upper basin are four figures of children done in light green and representing the four seasons. In the figure portraying winter, a cold green creeps through, suggesting the brilliance and crispness of that season. The boy representing autumn holds a cornucopia in his hands, from which pours the water. He is surrounded by various kinds of fruit. The general composition of the figure suggests admirably the bounties of nature and the fresh beauty of the season. The fountain as a whole has a somewhat pagan atmosphere,

as if done by some ancient Greek master who wished to convey his feeling and love for a generous, full Nature.

As a rule, however, Barnhorn does not conform so much to the style of the ancients as to that of the early Gothic and Byzantine sculptors, and, to a certain degree, the Moderns. His ecclesiastical work is reminiscent of that which one might see in an early Renaissance Cathedral. It is essentially spiritual in feeling and aspect, and handled with a tenderness that lends an air of mysticism and depth. His St. Monica, erected on the baldachino over the main altar of St. Monica Church, Fairview Heights, Cincinnati, is executed after the manner of the early Gothic sculptors with a plainness, yet richness that brings out the greatness and characteristic invincibility of the subject. His crucifixion group, designed for Mother of God Cemetery, Covington, Kentucky, reflects admirably the most poignant of all human feeling, grief in its most intense yet restrained form, a sorrow of pity, purity, and resignation. The figures at the foot of the cross are sorrowful, yet very dignified in their sorrow, while Christ's expression, full of pain, is nevertheless kingly and Godlike.

These two works, St. Monica and the crucifixion group, are probably his greatest contribution in ecclesiastical sculpture. There are many others but space forbids their being mentioned here. In any critical analysis of Barnhorn's work, however, it would be an inexcusable oversight to forget his bronze memorial to Ralph Waldo Emerson at Emerson Hall, Harvard University. This full length portrait reflects Emerson's calm serenity and Transcendentalist personality. The drapery and clothing is handled in a weighty and sombre manner. The face is plain and full, prominent of nose and mouth, kindly and penetrating. The handling of the hair also suggests plainness and unpretentiousness, as does the whole posture of the figure. The general atmosphere is one of deep reverie, of supreme belief in the existence of the Oversoul and confidence of a future life.

In a certain sense, Barnhorn was very like Emerson. Barnhorn, too, was of a placid, kindly, easy nature. But he did not have the complex personality of an Emerson. To him, life was simple and easily understandable. In many ways he was like a child, simple, pure, innocent, loved by all. He had an appreciation for the better things of life, but he never permitted his love for them to overcome his sense of duty. He lived richly, yet simply. His riches were not material riches, however, but spiritual ones. His simplicity was not dullness, but that with which saints are imbued. It may be said that he enjoyed life in the fullest sense. His truth, his integrity, his sincerity, his love for God and man brought him a contentment and happiness in this life that few men ever have the good fortune to enjoy.

EDITORIALS

An Eye to the Future

JAMES H. COONEY.

During the past seven years the New Deal Administration has been the target of severe criticism and rebuke. At this time, the election year of 1940, these volleys have become stronger and more impelling. The reason that the criticism has been directed strongest toward the party in power is obvious enough. Their policies and accompanying mistakes are fresh in the minds of the public. I say accompanying mistakes because regardless of whether they were intentional or accidental, they will be given by the politicians as definitely blunt errors.

My purpose here is not to defend or foster any party or policy but rather to survey the present situation of America politically, but in a non-partisan manner. It is my contention that the thing most needed is prudent conduct on the part of the American citizenry in the forthcoming primary and fall elections. In this instance prudence would imply common sense in choosing a candidate and especially in November, when a candidate may be chosen regardless of political, religious or racial affiliation.

For the moment, let us review a few of the policies and measures that the present administration has advocated.

Probably the most acute problem is that of unemployment. At present the estimation is about 9,000,000; whereas in 1932, when the present administration assumed its duties, the number of jobless men was 12,000,000. Whether the notable improvement is accidental to the times or a direct result of efforts expended, one cannot deny that the New Deal has had definite objectives in decreasing unemployment.

Over and above this under the administration the laboring body has at last been given a voice with which to express itself. It is true that industrial strikes have been more prevalent and as a result more time and wages lost than before. The man-days that have been lost in the past 5 years on account of strikes number as follows: in 1935, fifteen million five hundred thousand; 1936, fourteen million; 1937, twenty-eight million five hundred thousand; 1938, nine million; and in 1939 eighteen million. There has been a notable decrease since 1937 and in view of the fact that organized labor now has been recognized, there should be a continued decrease in man-hours lost because of strikes.

Again the question of motives comes into view. In analyzing the issue of giving labor a voice and the ensuing legislation aiding labor it

must be assumed in all fairness to the involved parties that the ultimate reason was a virtuous one. Any other possible reasons would leave a situation nothing short of revolutionary. At any rate the administration was a definite stimulus to the acute labor situation.

Probably the next in importance is the issue of the national debt. Truly enough, this has mounted tremendously during Mr. Roosevelt's terms. But was it spent on harmful or helpful measures for the nation as a whole? It was spent on relief rolls and on public works that in no way interfered with private enterprise. Experts set a limit for the debt. This, obviously, is a relative rather than an absolute figure. In the first place how can they say at just what point the nation will be plunged into bankruptcy? Then too in direct regard to the monetary situation it is believed dangerous for one nation to have as much of the world's gold supply as has the United States. At present the amount is approximately eighteen billion dollars. Perhaps the so-called experts would like to have the gold placed in circulation and pay the high prices that would inevitably ensue.

The "alphabetical administration" has given youth opportunities that it did not enjoy before. The National Youth Administration has made higher education possible to thousands of American youths who otherwise would never have been able to partake of it. No one can deny the merit of the Civilian Conservation Corps. These millions of boys have been given jobs that enable them to keep mentally and physically alert. They have been kept from the long ranks of the idle and as a result their morale has been bolstered. Besides these meritorious results, they have engineered projects that have aided American conservation.

These are just a fraction of the beneficial policies that have been given us by the New Deal during the past eight years. Yes I have failed to mention the issues that they have passed that perhaps to some seem idle. But I shall leave that unpleasant task to the politicians who so delight in doing it. And anyway they have a way of exaggerating that is incomparable, so it will be much more interesting coming from them.

It has not been my purpose to bolster any particular political faction, as I stated this is a non-partisan review. It seems reasonable that the people of America wanted the officers and executives that they elected to administer our governmental activities. But the fact that is so distressing is the manner in which people temporarily lose their sense of fairness and common sense in the event of an election. I venture to say that homes are broken up friendships dissolved and jobs lost because of it. In the event that a particular candidate does not belong to a particular faction or party, then he does not belong in public office. Individual abilities and qualifications mean nothing. That is precisely the situation in many cases and it certainly infers narrow-mindedness. This is the

shortest road to national ruin. It is the weakest manner possible in which to choose men for our public offices.

The average American citizen should be commended for the interest he has taken in the affairs of the country. This is an age of propaganda and if the public can withstand the force of influence that agencies of propaganda have placed against us then we have survived a most precarious age. The man who can think and act for himself is the ideal. One who can read a newspaper or periodical and accept only those things that are true is a scarce person.

Our country's condition is not as bad as we might be led to believe. The quality most needed at present is confidence. Confidence in the government as we would have confidence in the family doctor. Let this be a plea for the voters to objectively weigh the qualifications of the candidates who will be up for election in the fall. A plea for Americans to shun propaganda and to elect men to the offices because they merit them by their abilities, and not because they belong to this party or that. To consider what has been done in the past few years and to judge whether or not the time has come for us to make a change. Whatever the decision be, let us not be too willing to condemn those who have tried to the best of their God-given power to administer the affairs of our country. And finally, let us ask God for the grace and strength to withstand the forces that have been so effectively thrown at the feet of the rest of the world.

Nothing To Say

LEO J. GAULRAPP

Conversations often dwindle into silence, for topics do seem to vanish at times, desperately ill-chosen times. "Nothing to say" is a handy phrase but I consider it a dubious one. There is a meaning in it that can stand restoration. The *nothing* in the phrase can not rightly receive all the emphasis for the supply of discussable topics is hard to exhaust when the matter is considered at a distance. Of course, there are times and places when and where appropriate points for conversation or debate are narrowed in number. But I have not chosen to discuss conversation as such. The mere act or art of vocal presence-announcing doesn't catch my interest.

My attention is forcefully centered now in the *to say* of the above phrase. That is where the difficulty lies — in how to express ideas, all kinds of which are ever present in the normal human intellect. A fuller

expression of ideas and convictions is surely no small index of an individual's or a people's advancement.

The power of expression can hardly be said to be born in a man. It is a highly developed art with many; a mediocre, non-perfected one with the general run; and for a fair minority a downright labor. Adequate expression of our knowledge requires in the first place a choice acquaintance with the language medium. A select vocabulary is a prize asset. What an agonizing questioning it is to which we submit our brain in the call: What is the word for it.

When it comes to putting ideas into language, the people we call educated are perhaps the most efficient; the illiterate, the group for whom it is difficult. So it appears that the valuable agent which brings about the change is education. Education boasts many purposes and to great length several of these are periodically discussed. There can be no denial of the fact that education gives knowledge, new ideas, new appreciations to a man. That service has been much stressed. That is what education throws at us. (But that angle *alone* is responsible for the sad results people hold up by the name of college graduates.) One big demand we ourselves must bring to education and in cooperation with education make it imperative that this our demand is adequately answered. Education should train us in the art of expression. It must show us how to transmit our native and acquired ideas. In this demand, I say, we have an equal part to play along with education in order that its fulfillment be insured. If a man does not convince himself that he must make it a point to express whatever ideas he absorbs, no part education can play will bring about this desired end.

Thus when education becomes possible for us, we should likewise eventually be possessed of that happy faculty, the power to express our convictions in clear terms. Furthermore, if to become more expressive is an important point in becoming educated then we can but conclude that it is necessary for us to devote a reasonable time and effort to acquire this phase. The importance of that is apparent. I think it nothing short of a disgrace that when knowledge-thirsty people inquire after a reasonable point of information from a man who has passed through higher schools of education, they should receive an answer which implies he has nothing to say or in reality, an admission of the fact that he is a very ineffective knowledge transmitter.

To have something to say, meaning to be able to express ourselves, must be at the bottom of all today's clamoring for action. Leadership and all like themes that are raising a rumpus are needed perhaps. However I have come to wonder if something more fundamental would not be appropriate. Too little results from many great enthusiastic drives principally because despite all the *saying*, the something was left in the realm of vague *nothing*.

In one field especially proper expression is needed, needed badly. There are throngs of people who are filled with curiosity (if not something stronger) to learn the facts about what we believe, we who are Catholics. It is incumbent upon Catholic students who are favored with the chance of education to make the grade in this matter of being able to express themselves. What you don't know how to answer now, can not be too early investigated. Men and women bumping shoulders with the people who really want to know things Catholic, can not justly evade the call to the lay apostolate. This apostolate may be a prohibitive phrase. It smacks of that harangue on Catholic action of which we can tire. But coin some other phrase if you wish. The idea, the substance of it all, you can not fail to warm to.

To have nothing to say about your faith that, in the way I interpreted the phrase, should be a banished state. The little things to everyday Catholicism must be easily and willingly explained. They are the most often questioned. I didn't believe that until I had the opportunity of answering some people. Expressive Catholics are indeed the Rainbow division of our Faith.

If an expressive laity were the power behind the Catholic-action movement, new approaches, new ideas would no longer have to be sought. If *all* Catholics would speak in the informative way, only when they were spoken to in form of inquiry, they would soon have their desires of talking fulfilled. Scorn and prejudice against our faith would begin to melt out of the curious thirsty throng.

I have nothing further to say!

Book Reviews

After Seven Years, by Raymond Moley. New York; Harper and Bros., 1939, 446 pp.

"*After Seven Years*" will appeal chiefly to students of history and those interested in politics and its intricacies. It offers a seemingly complete picture of the origination, the fostering, the accomplishments, and (to Mr. Moley's mind) the downfall of the New Deal, as seen through the eyes; first, of a member and later, of an editorialist. From his perch Moley observes the "hustle and bustle" of political circles, the shortcomings he found in its constituents, and preserves them for posterity, colored with his own thoughts.

He recounts the beginning of the "Brains Trust" before Roosevelt's election and its part early in his administration. The first two years of his story he treats most thoroughly, adding explanations and reasons. The latter five years he covers rather sketchily, eyeing the situation from the viewpoint of a writer as a result of his retirement from government circles.

"*After Seven Years*" contains just what it implies, a political review of seven important years in the lives of modern Americans. He conscientiously covers his subject and does not hesitate to say what he thinks, even in referring to the President in the light of "I did not think that Roosevelt would succumb to the unlovely habit of telling, not asking," or "Roosevelt's economic view swirled with inconsistency." Still one does not get the impression that he tries to be scandalous, but rather that he is presenting a view as he sees it. He may hurt the feelings of many of his former associates by his references to them, as in his opinion of Secretary of State Hull, "It is a pitiable Secretary of State who would cry out, 'Everything I do is misconstrued these days'." It might be reasoned that he has taken this chance to pacify a pride outraged by the treatment he received.

Mr. Moley, who was a member of the faculty at Columbia University in New York, attained quite a reputation in the days of the New Deal's birth and infancy, often being referred to as Roosevelt's "right hand man." Of himself, he speaks constantly, trying to justify his standing then in the face of much adverse publicity he received. He repeatedly endeavors to show how he was unjustly accused or how he did not receive credit for something he did. He explains how he prepared for the President a great number of his speeches and state papers. As evidence he recalls the words of one fellow worker, "You write the music; he (Roosevelt) only sings it."

He opens with his meeting with F.D.R. and continues with their association, adding Mr. Roosevelt's request that Moley help him prepare

speeches and policies. The acquaintance flowers into intimate relationship in affairs of state, entailing traveling with the Democratic candidate on his campaign tour. He explains that he was somewhat rushed, what with, preparing speeches, traveling to New York weekly to teach, and conversing with other men helping draft speeches.

Mr. Roosevelt is elected and Moley becomes Assistant Secretary of State, still performing his former tasks. But the time comes when he sees his popularity in the government circles waning, helped, he explains, by a few persons whom he does not hesitate to mention. He paves a smooth exit so that adverse publicity over his resignation might not injure his debut in the field of journalism.

His subject he treats very thoroughly, often going into exhaustive detail. His manner of presentation is quite novel, occasionally lining up his points and facts in enumerated order. Furthermore, he gives full explanations in his footnotes and has also inserted a group of notes he made at the time. When one finishes the work he feels that he has lived through the experiences of the period with the author.

He takes his reader through in a very clear style that makes it easy to grasp what he is trying to say. He exhibits a mastery of words which enables him to convey just the correct meaning, occasionally using colloquialisms and slang.

Mr. Moley concedes in closing, "The administration has done much . . .," and as much can be said of his literary effort. He has accomplished a good deal, both in a personal and literary way. From the way he has gathered his information and presented it, any one aspiring to a higher knowledge of his government should benefit.

James Lavelle.

Unforgotten Years, by Logan Pearsall Smith, Boston; Atlantic Monthly Press, 1939, 296 pp.

Occasionally a book appears upon the presses that is unique and different, one that is written in a style peculiarly simple and intriguing, one that captivates the reader's interest. Such a book is *Unforgotten Years*, the charming autobiography of Logan Pearsall Smith. In it the author, forsaking the American heritage that is his, falls prey to the charm of European art and culture, and goes to England to live.

The author's style is seemingly fitted to this life story. The language is simple, in fact so simple in parts, that a child might have written it. His concepts of Heaven, Hell, the Devil, and Sin reveal a child-like philosophy of life, and the serious religious mind of a Quaker, averse to worldly pursuits, such as modern business and the struggle for material gain.

Logan Pearsall Smith was born of a wealthy New England Quaker family. With both father and mother well known preachers and evangelists, his early ideas on religion were exceptionally clear. At the age of four he was "converted" to God by a zealous older sister, who used the simple expediency of dipping him in the family bathtub. "After that," he relates, "I remember of no further contacts with sin."

Very early in life, he became acquainted with that great American poet, Walt Whitman. Whitman's frequent contacts with the boy nourished in him an intense Democratic spirit, and gave him the urge to write.

The young writer spent his early college days at Harvard, then the seat of learning, under such famous philosophers as Henry and William James. He was, however, soon discontented, desiring quiet, solitude, an opportunity for conversing with nature, and writing poems. With the family's annual tour of Europe, the key to his life was solved. Europe was all he had dreamed of, a place rich in culture and art, teeming with people of all races and creeds, a continent full of opportunities for young literary aspirants like himself.

With these ambitions fixed in his mind, the young writer began to study again, this time in the venerable halls of Balliol College, Oxford University. His radicalism with regard to poetry and prose, combined with an apparent lack of knowledge, soon brought trouble and he was asked to leave the University.

He spent a good deal of time flitting back and forth between England and France. There were gay literary gatherings in quiet French taverns, and discussions on the arts in his Sussex home. During this period several famous men of letters came into his life. Matthew Arnold, author of so many fine poems, was a distinct disappointment to him when they finally met. Arnold's manner was boisterous and his dress was loud. He preached a many-sided culture, yet failed to live up to it himself.

Although Henry James bade the aspiring writer to inscribe the word "loneliness" to his banner, it was his pleasing personality that added so much to his life story. Young Logan was at ease with anyone from the wealthiest noble to the poorest commoner.

He spent a delightful year hunting documents in the ancient English archives, searching out the private letters and records of such noted writers as Walpole and Carlyle. We share with him in *Unforgotten Years* the intense joy of delving into the hidden past, the satisfaction gained by bringing to light the human side of famous figures of history.

Unforgotten Years is a vital, intimate story of a man who wanted to live the life of his choice, without regard for the hardships and trials that might accompany it. It is an autobiography well worth our trouble to read.

John Lettau.

Which Way Democracy? Wilfred Parsons, S. J., N. Y.; The Macmillan Company, 1939; 295 pp.

Which Way? To a thinking person of today this seems to be rather a perplexing question, of many angles and about as many ideas as there are people. In this book these ideas are referred to, subjected to criticism and logical reasoning, and all are discarded except one, the right one.

In writing this treatise Wilfred Parsons, S. J., shows and proves that without religion Democracy cannot exist. He goes into Russia, Germany of today, and Rome of old to prove this by existing facts. He then by association of democracies and imperialism points out how the decline is brought about, shows the essence and differences of each, bringing out the fact that what people call democracy is just its accompaniments.

He then proceeds to the present status of Europe and its background. In the persecutions of religions and different races he, especially in regard to the Jews, lays facts before us as to why we should be the Jews' friend. Going back into history, he shows that until the Reformation the Jews were protected by the Popes and they in return were looked upon as their protectors. He lays bare the fallacy that the Jews are the money lenders of today who drink from the working-man's pocketbook and proves this statement by facts.

This then leads to the chapter of International Justice. It deals with the motive of nations in going to the war now being carried on in Europe. He goes back to the Munich conference and shows that conference was a victory for Democracy. From this he leads to the English motive for going to war, not only this war but all wars, and for shifting her alliances from one nation to another and trying to be friends to all.

He then sums up all arguments and closes with the same plea with which he started, "We must go back to God and Religion."

Throughout, the book is easy reading and clearly written. His thoughts follow logically and are substantiated by facts which are plain to any student or person who wishes to verify them.

For a knowledge of the motives of European Powers, the continual shifting of ideas and plans, and for the reasons why these powers, at present rotate around one country are brought out powerfully and clearly.

Arthur Loew.

St. Vincent Ferrer, by Henri Gheon. New York; Sheed and Ward, 1939, 190 pp.

Not as a chosen one enveloped in the clouds of the supernatural and teaming with mysticism do we see Saint Vincent Ferrer, nor does Henri Gheon, the author, reveal a saint entirely bereft of this corrupt human nature that we hold so dear. On the contrary, the beloved theologian,

healer, preacher, and miracle worker of prejudice-racked Spain and France is portrayed as a God-fearing crusader whose sanctity is "totally realist." He was a complete man, a complete saint; his learning was coupled with prayer; daily teaching united with example and doctrine propagated and imposed by action round out the true picture of Christ's humble servant.

Snatching Vincent Ferrer, as an infant, from his cradle the author hurriedly but cautiously carries him through his youth, young manhood, and middle age, with a style that is intriguing and inviting. It is subsequent to the latter period of life that the gifted disciple of Christ blossoms forth into a saint.

Throughout the book the writer tediously paints the Europe of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; whole sections were depopulated and emaciated by the hundred years war between France and England; the black death was yet reaping its harvest of mortals not distinguishing between any class or race; lastly, religion and public morals had been degraded to such depravities that nothing short of direct Divine intervention could save the church from going on the rocks. It was into this breach that the Almighty hurled Master Vincent Ferrer.

In religion, economics, society, and sparingly in politics, Saint Vincent labored among all peoples; his sermons abounded in horrible imageries of the Last Judgment. The French and Spanish were wont to rely too much on Christ's infinite mercy; they soon discovered, through Saint Vincent Ferrer's sermons, that the Redeemer's power of punishment was as devastating as His Goodness.

For an enlightened understanding of the schism in the papacy and the self-imprisonment of the popes at Avignon, one should read the full life of Saint Vincent Ferrer by Gheon. Simultaneously Gregory XII, John XIII who resided at Pisa, and Benedict XIII were claimants to the throne of Saint Peter. Who was the rightful pope? Was there a pope? No one seemed to know! Western Europe adhered to the jurisdiction of Benedict XIII. The rest of the catholic world abided by the decrees of the other two self-styled pontiffs who lived in Italy. In truth, Saint Vincent Ferrer recognized Benedict XIII as the successor of Peter, yet under the circumstances of the chaos that was threatening the very life of the church, he was left no alternative, but to demand the resignation of all three. All, but Benedict who was later excommunicated, abdicated. Martin V was elected Pope. At a glance, it appears that Saint Vincent Ferrer was the only power on earth that saved the unity of the church; he, in complete knowledge of the significance of his action, sacrificed the soul of his superior, Benedict XIII, to the devil that the people the world over could worship under one banner. The ignominy of this sacrifice pursued him to the grave.

Henri Gheon professedly pictures the Saint as a worker of a multitude

of miracles; the author neither denies nor affirms any individual miraculous event, but instead, leaves the pro and cons up to Holy Mother the Church. In the canonization of Saint Vincent Ferrer upwards of one thousand miracles are accepted as authentic.

Master Vincent's life was not devoid of humor. One day he beheld a man falling from a scaffold that was some three or four stories in height. Now, his superior had forbidden him to perform a miracle without expressed permission. The saint commanded the doomed man to desist from his descent until permission was granted for his release.

Henri Gheon knows a saint who had a nature like you and you and you. Would you like to meet Saint Vincent Ferrer? You can't miss.

Albert Reymann.

Bernadette of Lourdes, by Margaret Gray Blanton, New York; Longmans, Green and Co., 1939, 259 pp.

To the average reader, Bernadette's name means about the same as Joan of Arc's. Both were visionaries, heard voices (in Bernadette's case, it was only one voice, that of the Blessed Virgin), and both were considered during their lifetime just a bit too simple-minded to be believed. (With Joan of Arc, it was suspicion of witchcraft.) In other words, both were considered impostors and persecuted as such. Though Joan of Arc died for her mission, Bernadette endured the greater persecution. Perhaps one of the greatest champions of Joan's sanity is George Bernard Shaw. In his play *Saint Joan*, he powerfully portrays her common sense and natural ability of leadership. Yet in this respect, he must take off his hat to Margaret Blanton who is far more convincing in her able defense of Bernadette.

She has built up this book on evidence compiled during the life-time of the saint. She tells us she has had a wealth of material to draw from, actual testimonials obtained first-hand from Bernadette; others sworn by eye-witnesses; everywhere, testimonials in black and white from which to select at will. Treating of her visions, Miss Blanton describes them in the words of Bernadette herself, adding only the local color to give us the proper setting of events. She treats Bernadette quite naturally, as the *human* saint she was. When the testimonials say simply that a great crowd gathered at the grotto before Bernadette put in her appearance, Miss Blanton does not have her lead a grand procession, but merely says that when she at last came, she cried out for the densely packed people to let her through. She heard a voice, and faithfully delivered the message to her pastor, whether she understood them or not. She testified that she did not know what the words "Immaculate Conception" meant, except that they were the name of her Lady. She was illiterate

longer than most children, but then her time was always taken up by the inconsiderate, curious crowds, and the long and painful "Inquisition" by her own Cure, so she had no time to learn her schoolwork. At times, when asked to bless rosaries and other religious articles, she refused, often becoming angry at such presumption. And on top of all this, the Sisters in school did all in their power to humiliate her — in order to save her from pride. After the visions ceased, she withdrew from the curious stare of the world, because then she was simply like everyone else, only they wouldn't concede it. She entered the Convent at Nevers, becoming Sister Marie Bernard, and laid her visions into past history for twenty-two years till her death, at the age of 36.

This is the miracle of her common sense, and great humility, that the visions never turned her head. For the few that still persist in believing her weak-minded, Margaret Blanton, though a Protestant, vigorously proves the contrary; healthy sanity and sound intelligence, if not above normal.

Yes, in the last analysis we are unwilling to indict ourselves. Therefore, to us, head-over-heels in love with ourselves, her generous and childlike love of the Mother of God which bore fruit in the visions of this Mother, appears as insanity or weak-mindedness. But the edict remains: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Raymond Knight.

The Miracle of Haworth, a Bronte Study, by W. Bertram White, New York; E. P. Dutton and Co. Inc., 1939, 374 pp.

White's study of the Bronte family offers anyone a fine opportunity to become well acquainted with these interesting people. Practically nothing is left wanting as far as the life story of this famous group is concerned. Great emphasis is placed on the background which served as the heritage of those Bronte children who reached fame: namely, Charlotte, Emily and Anne. The author calls attention to the role which Mr. Bronte, their father, played in their lives, and in what poor fashion he has hitherto been portrayed. Especially in the first few chapters, Bertram White has convincingly pictured Mr. Bronte as a noble figure, an interested and loving father. He has quite fully undermined the dissenting stand of his opponents.

In unfolding the sisters' lives, as also that of their brother, Brandwell, chronology has offered the outline and in an appendix all the noteworthy events in their lives have been chronologically indexed with the dates. Very fittingly has a full chapter been devoted to an appreciation and favourable criticism of the sisters' first publication *Poems*, as also to

each of their novels, *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley Vilette*, and *Wuthering Heights*. All but the last were from the pen of Charlotte.

The author has been most fulsome in his praise of these English writers and of their works. Indeed, he has not made them goddesses on Parnassus, but the bounds of his admiration for their genius were not much lower. In my opinion he has at times exaggerated their position in the field of letters. This in part can be reconciled in the light of his chapter on *Wuthering Heights*, wherein he offers a very delightful resume of the achievements of females in the field of literature. Undoubtedly Emily Bronte, as also her sister, Charlotte, must be placed high among their sex who have gained literary fame.

The work is very gracefully penned and has been printed in a satisfying type. Quotations are very frequent, and excerpts from letters, poems, or other works of the Brontes are found on practically every other page. All have been interestingly blended and in truth yield the reader an opportunity to study the style of the sisters' writing as well as their lives.

The Brontes have found a thankful biographer in W. Bertram White. The work would serve admirably as a prologue to the reading of the Bronte novels. His appreciations would be very helpful. This study even gives rise to a powerful temptation to read the novels and poems; in its own way an indirect challenge.

Leo J. Gaulrapp.

Enter Three Witches, by Paul McGuire. New York; William Morrow and Co., 1940, 280 pp.

Paul McGuire, a native son of Australia, presents us with something more than "blood and thunder" in his second triumphal entry into the realm of shadows and make-believe. *A Funeral In Eden*, his first novel, was acclaimed by the most exacting critics of New York, who recommended it for the highest honors of the year. Yet to prove that this was only the beginning of his career as a mystery novelist, he offered to the literary world this year, *Enter Three Witches*.

Fiction work is not the real vocation in Mr. McGuire's life; in fact writing novels is his means of relaxation from a more serious work which encompasses the field of Catholic Action. His lectures from coast to coast plainly establish him as an authority on this age old subject of present day importance. One of his most outstanding works of last season was *Restoring All Things: A Guide To Catholic Action*. Besides this he has written innumerable articles on Catholic Action, all of which are distinct achievements in Catholic literature.

But now back to our novel, *Enter Three Witches*.

The story begins on the great Spanish Steps over-looking the Borghese Gardens in Rome, where Tony Grant is reminiscing over his childhood, while watching the happy urchins playing in the warm sunset. Ironically enough in this same peaceful scene the author introduces the heroine and villain almost simultaneously.

A gracefully tall and beautiful young woman, whom Grant had been watching with unrestrained interest, approaches and greets him in a most friendly manner. Proving herself to be an acquaintance, who Grant has completely forgotten, they strike up a very engaging conversation, drifting from one topic to another. During this time Grant has told the young lady, whose name he still cannot recall, that he had just returned from Spain's bloody civil war, where he was stationed as a special correspondent to a London daily. He also modestly mentioned that he played the part of an amateur Scarlet Pimpernel, assisting those in need of help during the war's duration.

As the purple dusk was closing in about them the villain is introduced. These following lines taken from the story typify the entire novel. They are written with such an intriguing finesse that it is next to impossible to describe them. Therefore I quote:

"A group drifted down from the foot of the Steps and were gone in the depths of the street. But out of its shadows came another shape, moving slowly to the Steps, a heavy figure in a long cloak that flowed into the gloom. As he climbed, he took form; and his stick clicked sharply against each step. The noises of the town were suddenly stilled, unless the impression of quiet spread from an intensity of silence in the woman beside him. Her fingers were crooked at the edge of the balustrade, and a thin gleam of light shone on her white knuckles. The man came on, nine flights, ten flights, the eleventh; and half way up those last twelve, where there is light from the tall lamp, he raised his head as if to be sure that he approached the top. Grant, his own back to the light, stared into the face; and his heart turned with a queer, sickening little shock, for he was looking into the face of a man who had been dead and rotten these eighteen months."

In this paragraph Paul McGuire slowly and uneasily builds up to a climax, creating impatience and unrest in the reader's mind. It is not done boisterously but with a deadly foreboding of what is to come.

From the ancient city of Caesar the scenes are changed to Castello Feroce, a typical castle of ghostly shadows and draughts in the Italian hills. Here Madame Beuil rules with an iron will and magnetic personality. She has, through use of cunningly developed connections, made herself one of the most powerful women in all Europe, and has been the mysterious center of many intrigues. So when Tony Grant received an invitation to spend a week end at the Castello, prompted by his reporter's instinct, he accepted the amazing offer at once.

Also invited for the "quiet" week end are Lady Bessie, an energetic old war horse; Monsieur Iziner, a sinister Levantine; Warner, whose overdone sense of humor grates on everyone's nerves; Flannagan the Spanish matador from Texas; Signor Tecchino, who remained on the grand stair case like a faithful watch dog all night; the very mysterious Monsieur Emisolous from Greece, who was not from Greece and whose name was not Emisolous; and to Grant's surprise the girl of the Spanish Steps with the unrecallable name was also present.

In this setting crimes committed in the past are reaping their penalty in the present. The chaotic events which follow entangle both the innocent and the guilty, threatening all concerned with destruction.

Paul McGuire has accomplished what many novelists fail to do. He takes you into his ingeniously created world of make-believe, and holds you there until the very last paragraph of the story. Each character is portrayed so realistically that the reader begins to place himself in their individual predicaments.

The author creates a thoroughly baffling air about the plot by asking you key questions concerning the mystery through the hero. At times I found myself concentrating upon the suggested questions in an attempt to pierce the heart of the mystery. This is not the type of brain teaser that concludes with the hero drawing the murderer and his motives out of the proverbial top hat. Rather, the story is developed logically with all the clues given in their natural order of occurrence.

This novel is written in a fast moving fluent style, rendering the facts easily accessible to the reader's mind. Mr. McGuire has liberally sprinkled these pages with humor, thus keeping it from becoming too seriously earnest in its intentions. The heart interest and humor go hand in hand, both being presented under a new light. Here, too, must be mentioned the accuracy of the facts concerning the twentieth century setting. In addition to its other aspects, *Enter Three Witches* is a very interesting travelogue of present day Italy.

Finally, as a work of literature it was artistically handled. Mr. McGuire's choice of words, contrasts, and comparisons throughout the story prove him a master of literary composition.

Robert Causland.

Exchanges

JOHN J. MORRISON '40.

When the Winter issue of MEASURE went to the printers we had copies of quite a few magazines, some of them monthly, others quarterly publications. In the time that has elapsed since then so many have come to us that we have not been able to read completely all the copies of the various journals. We have, however, made conscientious efforts to read at least one issue of every publication and have again selected only a few for complete analysis. Two of these are comparatively new to us, but the others have had a place on our exchange shelves for several years.

The students of De Sales College are the publishers of the first new-comer, *The Ozanam*. It is a magazine that makes a neat, but not particularly striking appearance. It is very nicely set up typographically, except that the type is quite small, and in a long article rather tiring on the reader's eyes.

The variety in this issue is excellent. There are articles on political, biographical, sociological, and historical subjects, satirical and humorous selections, two poems, and one short story. While there are editorials and book reviews no space is given to exchanges. The addition of these would make *The Ozanam* considerably more complete from the viewpoint of subject matter.

"Lowdown on Public Opinion Polls" represents a great deal of serious investigation on the part of its author. It is a truly thoughtful article that is quite accurate in the information that it gives. All in all, it amounts to much more than an opinion on public opinion polls. It is more objective than subjective in character.

While its literary value is practically nil, "The Cosmetic Drill" is bright and entertaining. It has that note of lightness that should be the characteristic of at least one selection in every magazine.

The title of the biographical article, "Lawrence of Arabia," gives the author a scope as wide as the subject's life, all of which she covers in a mere recital of facts two pages long. The facts are interesting it is true, but we find fault in that the writer of the article has contributed nothing of herself in her work. There is nothing in it that has not been written before.

The condition expressed in the title of "Kollege Kurricula as the Hi School Sophomore Sees It" is the only thing that saves the article. If anyone but a high school sophomore had expressed the sentiments in the article, they would be far from humorous. Conditioned as the title is, however, it fits the article. The satire is quite evident, in our opinion too evident to be good satire.

The procedure in the treatment of juvenile delinquency in Toledo, Ohio, is very interestingly treated, but more than that, some really worthwhile general principles to be followed in such procedure are given in "Toledo's Juvenile Delinquent."

The marriage customs that have persisted in Hungary for eleven centuries form the material of the informative article, "Ancient Hungarian Marriage Customs." The material is very logically arranged so as to be of interest to the reader. The information collected and presented is quite unusual. The article is very much in place and well worthy of publication in *The Ozanam* on the basis of its popular appeal.

The short story, "What's Anyone Ever Done For Me," while it is well written and its plot is not hinged (as are those of far too many short stories) on a surprise ending, lacks the quick single impression which we are taught in high school should accompany every short story.

We do not set ourselves up as any real judges of poetry, but from our point of view we found both selections in *The Ozanam* far better than average with "Peace," ranking somewhat above "Thank You."

The only fault that we have to find with the departments is that the same evil is present in *The Ozanam* that is present in far too many magazines, *no exchanges!* There might be more space devoted to editorials for expression of the policy of the publishers of the magazine. The book reviews are excellent!

The Rambler of the College of St. Rose is another publication that has not been coming to us so long as the majority of our exchanges. Its exterior appearance is neat, but not exceptionally bright. On opening the magazine we found it to be quite attractively illustrated, a quality that might be sought by many publications. The material is not at all crowded, but nicely arranged and the large type makes for easy reading. Physically the magazine is far superior to many that we have seen. The variety suffers somewhat from an over supply of poetry in relation to the other material in the magazine. Some historical and biographical selections, and some lighter or humorous works would contribute much to this issue of *The Rambler*. Unusual departments of a Forensic Forum and a Theater Department supplement the more commonplace institutions of Editorial and Book departments, but again, No Exchanges!

Since it is not our policy to review the work of any except student writers we must pass over "The Printed Word" and on to the short story, "And Lightning Struck," which we found to be an excellent character sketch and a true short story.

We found "Wishing" to be the best piece of work in this issue of *The Rambler*. It rather defies classification but we think the philosophical is the most pronounced of its characteristics. It is truly thoughtful and original, a really worthwhile literary effort.

Close upon "Wishing" in the quest for high honors in this magazine is

the selection, "The Hour Glass." It is unusual in its treatment of an unusual subject.

In this issue of *The Rambler* there are eight poetical selections. All but two of them, "Grandma" and "The Cat and the Canary" measure up to the standards of real poetry. These two have little more than rhyme and rhythm. "For the Old Year" was the poem we liked best.

Not many college magazines publish both sides of a debatable question in one issue as a regular policy. *The Rambler* in its Forensic Forum presents two briefs on the benefits of woman suffrage that are not at all complete enough for a formal debate, but satisfactorily serve their purpose in this column. The stage and screen productions of two plays and four movies are briefly but adequately reviewed in the department entitled "Standing Room Only." We found three editorials, "The Prom of '41" is somewhat out of place in a magazine of this type. The book reviews tend to devote more space than is necessary to the telling of the plot and not enough to a critical literary evaluation of the book reviewed.

From the College of New Rochelle comes the February issue of *The Quarterly*, one of the finest college magazines we have ever reviewed. While the cover of this magazine is not exceptionally attractive, the interior pages certainly are. Well printed on high grade paper it needs only a few more illustrations, if it is to approach perfection. The one plate, presumably from a water color is a beautiful piece of work, but it is rather lonesome. The talent is evidently there; let us see more evidence of it. *The Quarterly* is one of the largest of our exchanges, over seventy pages. One might expect to find much duplication in a magazine of this size, a lack of variety that is characteristic of many publications not even half so large, but this is not the case. This is one magazine that is really complete, and well balanced in its selection of material. Poetry, short stories, essays and articles on various subjects, a bit of drama, and departments, (Including Exchanges!) will satisfy the most critical in his demand for variety.

There is more poetry here than in most magazines, but not too much or too little in proportion to the other material as in the case of so many. Unusually too, all of it is very good. Three appealed to us more than the others, however, in that they were more thought provoking, "You Who Are So Wise," "Romantic Nonsense?" and "Candle Light."

"Joseph Auslander" is a thoughtful appreciation of the works of the modern poet that shows an understanding of his philosophy of writing. "The Fire Has Gone Out" is a powerful piece of work, the narration of the sentiments of a woman gazing upon the ashes of her home in which her husband, son, and aunt have been burned to death. The unusual idea is superbly handled by the writer.

A highly amusing and informative article entitled "Villian's Villiany" exposes the literary frauds perpetrated by William Henry Ireland, James

MacPherson, and Vrain-Denis Lucas. The uncommon information on the subject is very interestingly presented.

All the requirements for a good short story are more than adequately met by "Lucky Imp," but the general idea of the story, while not trite, is not strikingly original.

Much has been written about the life of Edgar Allen Poe, some works being mere statements of the facts of his life, others scholarly analysis of his personality, temperament, and character. It is in this latter class that "Macaberesque" falls. The author very logically states her purpose in the first paragraph and is highly successful in attaining the ends that she sets out to reach.

The same that has been said about the article on marriage customs in *The Ozanam* may be said of "Adventure in Superstition," practically a parallel article, except that the setting is among various primitive tribes rather than in more civilized Hungary. "Enmity," a highly imaginative bit of fiction, offers an unusual character study of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

"Translation" is described by its subtitle as a fantastical half-truth. The truth of the plot is not to be considered by us at all, but the treatment of the story in dramatic form is excellent. The circumstances of the murder of Christopher Marlowe are stated to be open to conjecture in the prologue, the author has drawn her own conclusions in such a way as to have produced the finest piece of work in *The Quarterly*.

In departmental work the staff of *The Quarterly* hold their own with the best. Thoughtfulness and timeliness are the keynotes of the single editorial, "Cracks and Crannies." The book reviews are real reviews, short and to the point. We welcome the Exchange department back to the pages of *The Quarterly* after an absence of two years. We heartily agree with their criticisms and the policies they are following in carrying out their exchange program. Their criticism is frank and honest. We are glad to see that. Congratulations to the staff of *The Quarterly* for the re-establishment of this department. Keep up the good work!

Our final selection for review in this issue is an old timer, *Duquesne Monthly*, for February, 1940. It's splendid exterior appearance suffers considerably when, on opening the book the reader's eyes are drawn immediately to a highly colored cigarette advertisement, on the inside front cover page. The magazine is not at all a small one, thirty-two pages from cover to cover, but there is a decided lack of student material in this issue of the *Monthly*, not more than twenty full pages, exclusive of poetry and guest work. In other words the size of the magazine is deceptive. Guest articles, blank spaces after contributions, cartoon and humor pages, and advertisements take up more space than they should. In spite of the existence of an art staff, the *Monthly* is devoid of any art work.

From the viewpoint of variety, we have only compliments for the Duquesne staff. There are four stories; six articles, each one quite different from all the others, and five selections of poetry in this issue. Could anyone ask for more?

This note of variety marks each of the four short stories. In our opinion, "Transcontinental," was the one best handled, closely followed by "Dust," a story strikingly original in plot. "Protection" will hold the reader's interest, for it offers a good characterization, but "Rosey O'Grady," because its plot is so overworked, has difficulty in attaining even mediocrity. Enough for the fiction.

The logical treatment of his subject is the outstanding note of Francis Barry's "Wherefore Art Thou Reason." The author has concerned himself with a timely subject, the exposition of the meaning of the term "realism" in its true and transferred senses. Students of literature and philosophy will find the fine distinction he draws of great value.

"Why Catholic Literature?" answers that question which it asks to the full satisfaction of the most discriminating questioner. In this article the author quite satisfactorily accomplishes his purpose. Could anyone expect more? A truly worth-while piece of work.

The originality of the "Father of the Short Story," Edgar Allen Poe, is first brought into question and then proved in "Poe—The Creator." The author attempts to establish the value of Poe's writings as literature in a very convincing way.

The heaviest and most thoughtful selection in this magazine is the psychological article, "The Genesis of Personality," an argumentative as well as an analytical article. The analysis is complete and the arguments are quite sound. It is a very scholarly article, not of general interest to be sure, but certainly to be enjoyed by students of psychology.

Some college journalists are of the opinion that articles on any narrow technical subjects are out of place in a general college magazine. We are of the opinion that students specializing in particular fields contribute a great amount of worthwhile, if not essential, information to the fund of general knowledge which students of all departments should possess upon completion of their college careers. "The Genesis of Personality" is an example of this type of article.

The many different benefits accruing to society from the world's great number of forests is clearly shown in "Trees and Society." This article is the first we have ever seen on this subject in a college publication. Another score to the *Monthly* for originality.

"Food for Argument" is the analysis of a synthesis. On that score alone it is unusual. The distinction between beauty and art is sought by the author as it has been sought for century upon century. The article is a thoughtful treatment of the subject, but is little more con-

vincing than most of the others of the same subject that we have read in the past several years.

By even mentioning the "fashion" and "humor" pages in the center of this magazine we believe we are giving them more attention than they deserve. We believe them to be very much out of place and no small detracting factor from the total value of the publication. Better to have a small magazine than to fill space with such "material?"

Furthermore, this insert takes away all the appeal that might have been made by the "art" work of "Literature in One Easy Lesson." We found the large full page cartoon on the right center page to be in particularly bad taste. Are the editors of the *Duquesne Monthly* emulating those of *Esquire*? But to dwell for a moment on "Literature in One Easy Lesson." It does not deserve the space given it in a magazine with a reputation such as the *Duquesne Monthly* enjoys. It is strikingly juvenile and fails even to give a light touch. Nor is any of the poetry at all out of the ordinary, with the possible exception of "Sonnet."

All that we have said in criticism of magazines that have neglected the work of the various departments, editorial, exchange, book review, etc., we might repeat with reference to this issue of the *Duquesne* publication, for it has no departmental work whatsoever. Has the magazine no policy to be expressed by editorials? Do none of the staff read books which they might present to their fellow students to read or avoid? Does not an active exchange program appeal to the editors as really worth while? The lack of the departments which would show an affirmative answer to these questions implicitly at least answers them negatively. We believe that the establishment of a departmental program would do a great deal for the *Duquesne Monthly*. The articles and the short stories are very good in almost every instance, but they alone do not make a complete magazine. The *Monthly* has very few errors of commission, most of them are omissions in character, and these are not too difficult to correct.

Again, many thanks to all of our exchanges for the cooperation they have shown in sending us copies of their publications. We regret that we could not have treated of more of them in this issue. Later, perhaps?

Critical Notes

PAUL F. SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.

There is a most interesting passage quoted in Everard Meynell's *Life of Francis Thompson*; it is part of an introduction:

. . . And of the other poems some are as much science as mysticism! but it is the science of the Future, not the science of the scientist. And since the science of the Future is the science of the Past, the outlook on the universe in the 'Orient Ode,' for instance, is nearer the outlook of Ecclesiastes than of, say, Professor Norman Lockyer. The 'Orient Ode,' on its scientific side, must wait at least fifty years for understanding.

And yet we who run and read think that we grasp it completely and so proceed to explain the poem to others. But what is the mystery of the future of science? Is Thompson dreaming, or are we yet too blind to see?

Somewhere, surely, in our Catholic colleges, there is one, filled with the wisdom of scientific lore, who could find the task interesting enough for close and searching study. There is something intriguing in the challenge of the poet. Particularly is this so when we read the final taunt of the poet: ". . . there was never yet poet, . . . who could not have told the scientists what they will be teaching a hundred years hence." A poet's glove in the face of technology!

* * *

The tutorial system of education has been practiced for many years. An illuminating sight of the older practices may be obtained from such a book as Logan Pearsall Smith's *Unforgotten Years*. Then, in those dimmer days, there was what we might call a *corruptio optimi pessima*, for Mr. Smith writes of Oxford itself. But such misadventure need not poison the waters of our own living so, then, we may note with interest the growing interest in the tutorial system today in American colleges.

Writing of this, the Reverend Alphonse Schwitalla, S. J. commends the system warmly in the January number of the *North Central Association Quarterly*. He says that as a result of this practice "students of varying educational achievements are enjoying the leisure and the enormous advantages of this highly individualized form of instruction." And then to this he appends all the varying and important factors which render the accomplishment of the goal so difficult.

"A large number of the schools" is mentioned, but my own particular interest reaches out to our Catholic colleges. I realize that catalogues and announcements would give me a basic knowledge, but the curiosity

is more searching. How does the system succeed with our so-often-over-worked Catholic Faculties? What, in very concrete terms, have been the results of any amount of tutoring? To what truly successful products of education can the scheme point?

These questions, and many others, may be only futile and roundly echoing, but they may, too, do some little toward the breaking of that terrible silence which palls so many things Catholic.

* * *

Out of the turmoil of thinking caused by such a question, one answer stands forth glaringly. Catholic education has been duped by the cry for specialization and departmentalization and to that degree has failed of its purpose. Because we have sought to be modern and practically efficient (worldly standards), we have come to the segregation of the study of religion. The study of our Faith has been boxed off to a certain classroom, one professor, and an hour on the clock. In brief, religion has a time and a place for existence and for non-existence. The curriculum subscribes to academic divorce. And as long as that condition continues to exist, we shall always have Sunday-Catholics and Monday-economists or-doctors.

Another response may lie with those priest-teachers who may have, innocently enough, overstressed the negative side of Catholicity. In their justified anxiety to help students avoid sin, they may have neglected to show our youth how to lead a positively rich Catholic life. The smallest amount of meditation on the problem makes clear the need and possibility of a truly operative Faith. Doing at all signifies for the Catholic doing all things for, in, and by Christ, our Lord and Head.

Still another explanation remains which belongs also to the province of college education. Have we, the question arises, so informed our students with a false practice of humility, that they have reacted in the direction of inferiority and so hesitate to do anything before the eyes of the world? Once again there is the demand for a return to the true sense of ultimate values. If we are conscious of God's plan for us and for our institution, Catholic Action should be inevitable, let the praise fall where it may.

In the lines written above, no attempt has been made to give the complete answer to the thorny question. As it, for the sake of Christ and Heaven, merits our attention, so it will begin to make clear for us the answer. The most certain and unerring conclusion is just this: Catholic Action will blossom into being only as we, who see it, pray with all our hearts.

* * *

A number of other questions of curiosity arise.

Has any verse-choir ever noticed the appeal in Alfred Noyes's poem, *The Strong City*? It is as appropriate as *The Hound of Heaven*; yet it has a quality all its own. Of course, there are also the *Hymns to the Church* of Gertrud von le Fort. They, too, I think, possess material for such an organization . . . Just what Catholic dramatizations are going forward? I look forward with eagerness to an excellent poetic dramatization of *The Song at the Scaffold*. There is also, I am told, Helen White's *A Watch in the Night*. Some have been lured by the dramatic quality in some of the writings of Shelia Kaye-Smith. What news is there for the Theatre Conference and for the stage?

* * *

And still in the questioning mood:

In the endless struggle against the materialism of the world about us, serious thought dreams of deeds that will add to the treasure-house of good. Memory recalls for me a picture that will serve as a figure of Catholic Action. The act of removing a bothersome tree implies the laying of an ax to the roots. The swift stroke of the instrument, the cool, moist wound, the white bleeding—these give the act an almost positive quality.

So, when I think of Catholic young men, capable of sacrifice and chivalric action, when I think of the tax of mortification, one deed of self-denial which will slice into the roots of materialism, this too takes on the glow of positive goodness, not a mere negation of living. Are there such young men in the world of America who can hew to the line of obedience? Are there those who can strike through the gnarled relations of temporal things to the denial of self for the love of God?

God give them to us.